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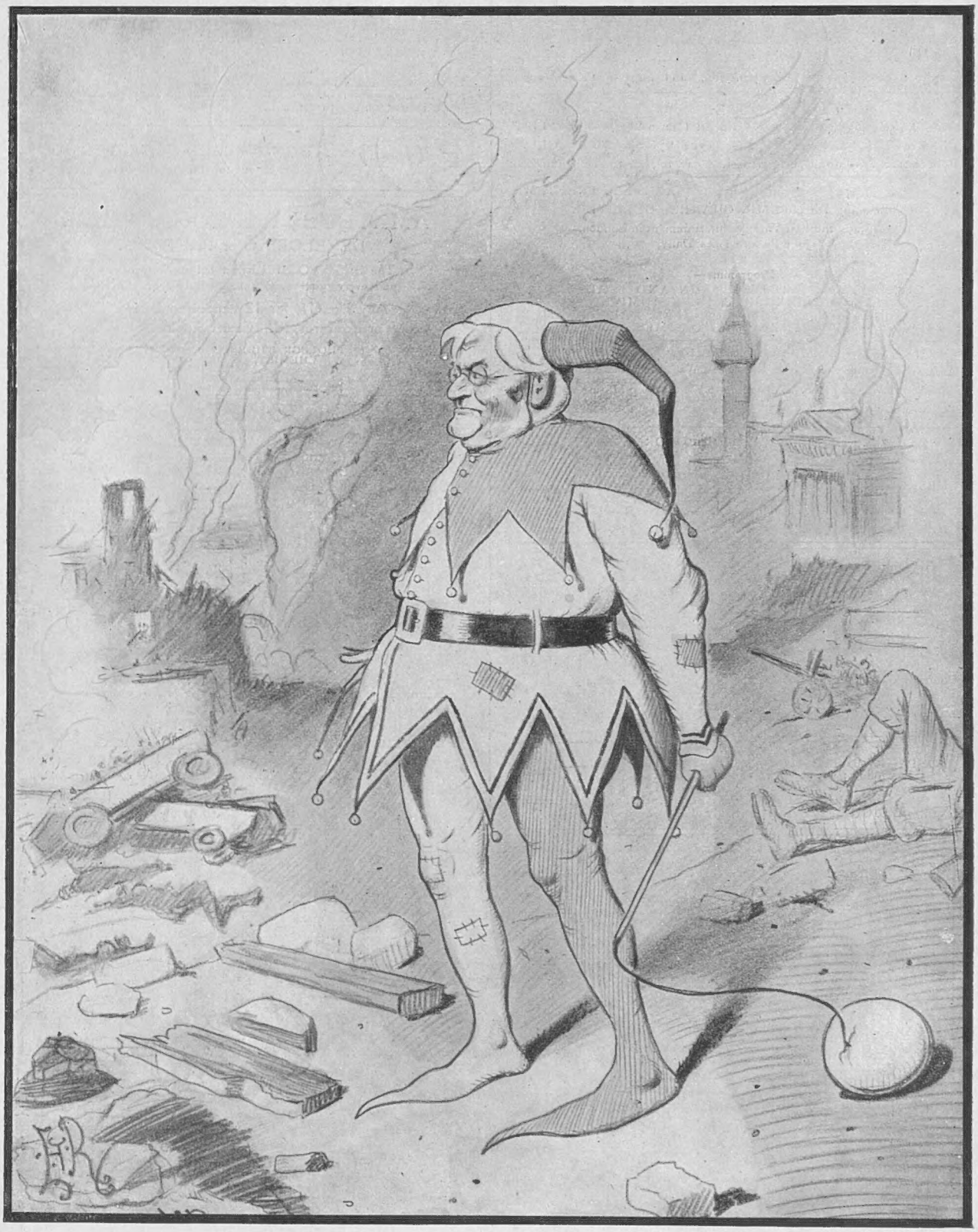
The Bystander, May 3, 1916.—No. 648. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER



TOUCHSTONE IN DUBLIN, 1916

TOUCHSTONE (Birrell): "By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for"

(*As You Like It*—Act V., Scene I.)

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7.—The Thirst For Reprisals.
8.—The Things That Matter.
9.—So Obvious.
10.—The Innocent Abroad.
11.—Well, if you knows a better 'ole, go to it.
12.—Coiffure in the Trenches.

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APPLY, THE PUBLISHER, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

I UNDERSTAND, on very good authority, that at the Secret Sess——sh—sh—sh!

⁂ ⁂

Some Law

IRELAND under martial law; England under Secret Session law. We're getting on.

⁂ ⁂

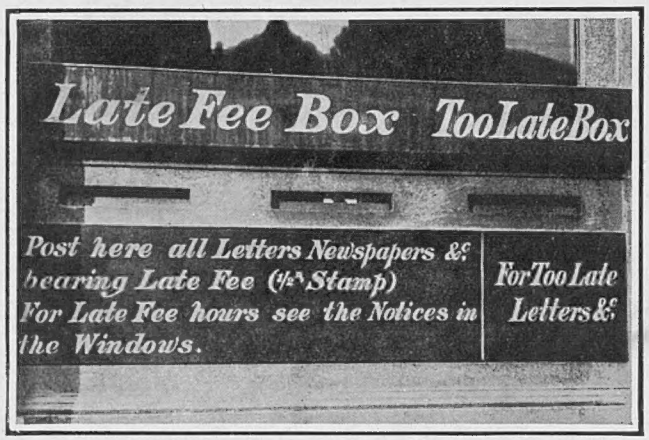
Risings and Fallings

TO me the humiliating thought about the Irish rising is that it is the only one of all the famous German time-tables and prophecies that has come off—and the only one that could have been with absolute certainty prevented. That it was not prevented is because we have for a Government what the Government alleged the nation would have if the Cabinet fell—a national disaster. Happily, the rising is far from being within a thousand miles of what Germany imagined it would be. At the worst—or best—it may end in a falling—of the Government.

⁂ ⁂

Sir Jolly Roger

SIR JOLLY ROGER CASEMENT has made a fool of everybody, to say nothing of himself—of Germany, who, he assured her, had only to put him once aboard the lugger and Ireland was his—and hers; of the Sinn Feiners, whom he made to play Sister Anne, and then failed to come; and finally of the Government, who must have clutched at the excitement he raised as a godsend to smother any excitement over their high-handed secrecy, but find themselves involved in a new outburst against them through the personality of their supremely futile Mr. Birrell.



RESERVED FOR GOVERNMENT USE?

The "Too Late" box at the Dublin Post Office which was occupied by the Irish rebels. At the time of the capture, it was, probably, filled with Ministerial communications

⁂ ⁂

Birrell Must Go

MR. BIRRELL, when he became Chief Secretary, found Ireland, in his own words, more peaceful and contented than it had been for generations. He leaves it—or ought to—in unhappier plight than it has been since the dark ages, and stained with a crime that will attach to it as long as the war remains in memory.

⁂ ⁂

National Disasters

NOW, truly, we are plucking the rare and refreshing fruits that the late Ministry sowed, and thick and fast, and grievously bitter they are coming to us. The Trade Unionist was taught to strike, the objector was taught conscientiously to object, the Irish renegade was taught to rebel. That one and all they have learnt their lesson is nothing surprising. The surprising thing is that the rest of us swallow the monstrous delusion that it would be a "national disaster" if the elements in the Cabinet which produced this state of affairs were to fall out of it!

⁂ ⁂

Hush Money

WITH the institution of Secret Sessions and the terrible secrecy relating thereto, Members of Parliament are claiming that their salaries are really earned at last. They call it Hush Money now.

⁂ ⁂

Hush Law

FOR the rest the new Cabinet secrecy—secrecy by law instead of by honour—is so full of undesirable elements that I hasten to credit it with its one enormous virtue. It relieves the public from having to read in the newspapers columns of exclusive information about what never happened.

⁂ ⁂

Shortage of Honour

NEVERTHELESS, what did happen at Cabinet meetings—or what Ministers wished it to be supposed had happened—has with growing frequency been getting into the papers attached to certain members of the Cabinet. The steps taken to stop it show that ginger is not the only shortage from which the Government suffers. There is another—shortage of honour.

⁂ ⁂

My Crime: Your Punishment

BUT look at the beauty of being able to make your own laws against your own sins! The additions to the Defence of the Realm Act touching Cabinet secrecy do not punish—do not even mention—the original telling of the secrets, but only those who repeat them. The sacred persons of Cabinet Ministers are placed above the law, and the common or garden public very much beneath it.

⁂ ⁂

The Government's Whipping Boy

CURRENT legislation, indeed, is taking us a very long way away from the good old days when the Government of this country was the common tilting-butt of the nation. Secret Sessions are the latest step in making the nation the whipping-boy of the Government. No words are more familiar in the crime-stained ears of THE BYSTANDER than "Anything you

(Continued on page 186)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 185)

A VIEW OF THE O'CONNELL BRIDGE, DUBLIN, LOOKING TOWARDS SACKVILLE STREET

The Sackville Street district, including the Post Office (headquarters of the "Republican" Forces) is one of the three principal "rebel areas" in the city

Photograph *Walter Barnett*

"THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND"

Lord Wimborne, the Viceroy, who reassured several anxious callers at the Vice-Regal Lodge with these well-chosen words

say may be used in evidence against you." Even the remarkably little that Cabinet Ministers ever vouchsafed to Parliament is now ruled out of possible evidence against the Government. What we are coming to is that communications are made behind sealed doors, and the nation left to stagger off with the cut and dried burden of the result.

⁂ ⁂

Felo de se

THERE was a man once who wanted to commit suicide. In order to be absolutely sure of death, he took a dose of prussic acid, went to the end of a pier, and put a rope round his neck and a revolver to his forehead, and jumped. His idea was to die simultaneously of poisoning, shooting, hanging, and drowning. Well, you know how the story worked out. He jumped and fired at the same moment, but, unfortunately, the bullet severed the rope; he fell into the sea; the salt water he swallowed acted as an emetic on the prussic acid, and he was picked up by a boat. So he died no one of the chosen deaths. It would look as though the Cabinet also decided to die in every key, and chose last week of hideous memory for the process. It chose as the weapons of *felo de se* the Zeppelins, the German fleet, the Turkish armies in Mesopotamia, the Sinn Feiners in Dublin, Secrecy and Suppression and Supreme Fatuity in Parliament.

⁂ ⁂

Counteracting Influences

WELL, I'm by no means sure that it won't live, anyway, like the man of the story, by the counteracting effect of the various weapons. The need for "unity" in dealing with Ireland may decide the Cabinet not to fall on account of Kut, while the existence of Zeppelins and the High Seas Fleet close to our coasts, to say nothing of Huns on the move in France, may cause the Twenty-Three to regard themselves as more disastrously indispensable than ever.

⁂ ⁂

Not Likely

AND, after all, anti-Coalitionist as I am, I can't quite see how even the immediate assumption of high office by Messrs. Pemberton Billing and Kennedy Jones themselves (with the assistance of Mr. George, Colonel Churchill, Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and a "section of the Press") would suddenly drive the Zeps and the German Fleet away, clear the Germans out of France, avenge Townshend, and restore "order" in Ireland.

⁂ ⁂

TO THE MINISTRY.—After the Kut—a new deal.

⁂ ⁂

Sea Power

THE bright side of the Casement capture is the evidence it affords that our command of the sea is much more complete to-day than it was in the Irish Revolution of 1798. Hoche, at any rate, did get across with twenty thousand men in 1796, though stress of weather prevented a landing, and Humbert actually landed about a battalion at Killala in 1798. The best the Boche could do was to send an auxiliary to sneak through under neutral colours with a half-cracked traitor and a cargo of arms. If the enemy could effect nothing in Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century, when the British Fleet was in a state of mutiny, and the country ablaze with the glamour of the revolutionary idea, the Boche is still less likely to effect anything of importance now. None but the hare-

(*Continued on page 188*)

The Call to National Energy

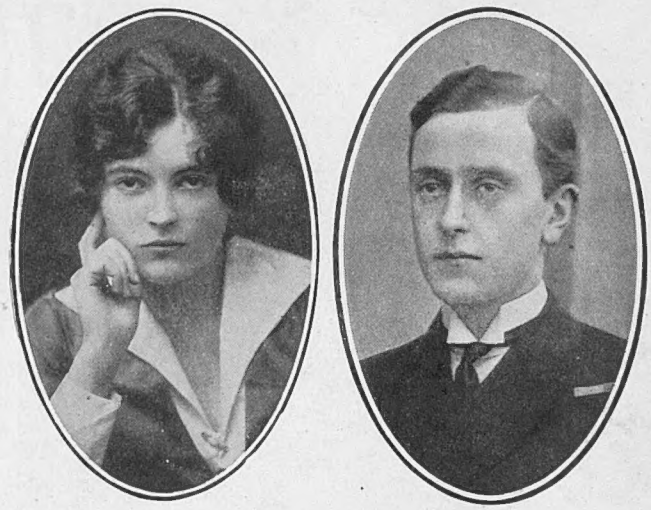
OR EASTERTIDE IN WALES

THE continued devotion of British Cabinet Ministers, despite the war, to the "week-end" habit has often been the subject of wonder and envy in enemy, allied, and neutral countries. Even that arch-apostle of national service and "ginger," Mr. Lloyd George, managed to spend Easter in idyllic rural surroundings and to enjoy, and to be photographed enjoying, various peaceful non-military pastimes. Easter week, 1916, is marked in the world's history for a naval and aerial raid on our East coast, a rebellion in Ireland, the collapse of the Ministerial policy in Parliament, and the loss of General Townshend and his army in Mesopotamia. It has been said that each and all of these grave contingencies could have been avoided by greater vigilance and foresight on the part of the Ministry, and less addiction to the "week-end" habit. The nation would certainly be more impressed with the need for national service if Ministers set the example, and forewent themselves the peace-time diversions they so fervently denounce in others less highly-placed and salaried

MR. LLOYD GEORGE GOES A-FISHING

The Minister of Munitions went fishing with his family in the River Dwyfor at Criccieth during Easter. Miss Megan Lloyd George and a girl friend, as shown in the upper illustration, were of the party, and the day's sport was thoroughly enjoyed, despite the fact that no fish were caught

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 186)



Photograph E. O. Hoppé *Photograph Bassano*

THE BATTENBERG-TORBY BETROTHAL

Countess Nada Torby, second daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., son and heir of Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose engagement has just been announced

brained are likely to consent to kill Charles to make James king.

⁂ ⁂

AT one of the Cabinet Councils last week, much time was occupied in the discuss——sh—sh—sh!

⁂ ⁂

The New Ireland

THAT was a memorable moment in the House when Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond clasped voices, as it were, across the gangway, and tendered their joint aid to the Premier to help stamp out the Irish disorder. The Ulster leader's restraint was as impressive as the Nationalist's emotion. It sounded to me as if the latter were even more determined than the former. Verily 'tis a new Ireland that will come with the confusion of Hun-fed Sinn Feiners.

⁂ ⁂

Traitors, Please Note

TALKING of traitors and the punishment thereof, a correspondent writes: The punishment for high treason was formerly very terrible; the sentence included, at one time, the barbarity of disembowelling the traitor while he was yet alive and burning his bowels before his face, and even by the Treason Act of 1814 the sentence to be pronounced was:

1. That the offender be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution.
2. That he be hanged by the neck until dead.
3. That his head be severed from his body.
4. That his body be divided into four quarters.
5. That his head and quarters be placed at the disposal of the Crown.

By warrant under his sign manual, countersigned by the principal Secretary of State, the King was empowered to change the whole sentence into that of beheading, and even to remit the capital punishment altogether, and there is no doubt that the Royal prerogative was used on numerous occasions.

By the Forfeiture Act of 1870, which now regulates procedure, sentence in all cases is that the traitor be hanged by the neck until dead, unless the King by warrant under sign manual, countersigned by the Secretary of State, substitutes death by decapitation.

I might remind my correspondent that the last death sentence for high treason before the war (on Mr. Lynch) was commuted to penal servitude, and a few years later pardoned by King Edward. Mr. Lynch was subsequently returned to Parliament and behaved himself admirably.

⁂ ⁂

In Charlie's Despite

CONGRATULATIONS to Lord Chaplin on his sticking to his name and thus dispelling the rumour that he had taken a peerage in order to distinguish himself from another owner of the same.

⁂ ⁂

IT is universally agreed that by far the best speech delivered at the . . . . A nice day, isn't it?

⁂ ⁂

"To-Day"

WEEKLY journalism is refreshed and reinvigorated by the appearance this week of *To-Day*, the successor of *T. P.'s Weekly*. Under the able editorship of Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the new paper preserves all the attractions of the old and adds many new ones. The price (twopence) is one that deserves a new trial on the bookstalls, and the title recalls pleasant memories of the "nineties," when we used to be literary, and artistic, and critical, and all sorts of other absurd things which we might just as well be again, mightn't we, war or no war?

LORD AND LADY ST. DAVIDS

Photographed at Norfolk House, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk, where the reception was held after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Thursday. The bridegroom, it will be remembered, is one of our chief connoisseurs on the conduct of the Staff in France. The bride was Miss Betty Rawdon-Hastings, second daughter of Lady Maud Rawdon-Hastings and the late Hon. Paulyn Rawdon-Hastings, of the Manor House, Ashby-de-la-Zouch

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *May Day*, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WELL, anyway, it was a *bright* Easter, wasn't it? It didn't rain, but it Zepp'd, and there was a small thing in invasions, and Ireland misbehaved itself in parts, and we talked for days about the Secret Session, and London had a great time on Easter Tuesday—worshipping Anzacs. "Fine figgers of men," was the general female opinion, you'll be glad to hear, and so they are, dear things, but I do not like their hats. Were they invented, d'you think, so's to temper their wearers' fascinations? P'raps you didn't want them *all* to come home married?

"As sure as the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love"

* *

APROPOS, talking of nice things, in a world of them I often think it's quite one of the nicest, you know—that experience *never* teaches. April came in to the tune of regular pæans of joy and welcome, and we got, dear me, what *didn't* we get—snow and sleet and biting blasts and frosts and all the rest of it. But now it's May, the month of months, and you might think we'd never been done down before—hope springs so very eternal in the human breast. Even the war can't damp it down, and we're perfectly certain they must come *very* soon, the long days of summer and sun, just a few, anyway, so that we may get a glimpse at least of that very dear and always wonderful vision—Spring in England.

* *

REMINDS me in London, now, it doesn't seem quite the timeliest moment of all to bring out the newest war-poster:

Extravagance in Dress
Is not only Bad Form,
It is Unpatriotic

which, perhaps, accounts for the poor success it's having, for spring's never been spring yet, I suppose, to any woman who ever breathed without a new frock or something. As sure as the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love (see Letters from the Trenches: only there they generally call it lunch at the Carlton grill), so through a woman's brain there flit persistent, beatific visions of pale muslins and organdis, *chiffons* and pale pink mere nothings, all about as fitted for our English spring as, say, mutton chops at a fairies' wedding or my fur coat in the Sahara.

* *

OF course, that isn't to say that she always acts on such devil's promptings, not in war-time, anyway. But you know what temptation is—you've got to yield to it to get rid of it. And certainly it looks like taking more than Armageddon to make woman leave off buying clothes. But, as I've told you, what we're *supposed* to be absorbed in all this week is Shakespeare, his Tercent. As to the war, no doubt they're getting on with that in Downing Street, but we aren't allowed to know, and it isn't correct to inquire, not since Secret Sessions and things came into fashion. He *is* a clever little soul, the P.M., isn't he?

* *

APART from the people who think we only ought to bother about the war, there *are* people, too, of course, who don't think Shakespeare *wants* celebrating, any more than you celebrate being the owner of, say, a dimple or the nicest dog, baby, cat, or husband in the world, or any other big, natural fact like that—you just go on being quietly glad about it all the time, and sorry for the people who haven't. Must say I feel rather that way about the old gentleman myself. When you've come to regard a thing as properly almost a part of you, you don't require celebrations to remind you of its existence.

"The new-old way, viâ Granville Barker and Reinhardt"

* *

HOWEVER, I'm sure it's all very innocent, and that's something, isn't it, in these days when the young-men-who-know fairly make your hair curl with tales of Smart Set ether drinking, and opium-bibbing, and all the rest of it? I can't remember all the things they're doing, but, of course, they're going strong at Stratford-on-Avon, where dear Mr. F. R. Benson, keenest of the Bard's disciples, and a Volunteer into the bargain, is running a "week." By the way, there

(*Continued on page 190*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page* 189)

are compensations even in war. Wouldn't Shakespeare's townlet have fairly *burst* with Transatlantics, if it weren't for those German submarines? As it is, Sir Herbert Tree's giving them a celebration all on their little ownsome.

❀ ❀

In London the event of the week's the great big huge "tercentenary commemoration performance" at Drury Lane, Royalty in force, Society, too, I *hope*, and all the actors and actresses who ever played a Shakespearian part coming on as something. And great doings, also in honour, at the "Old Vic," and a Martin Harvey Shakespeare season somewhere else, and Shakespeare exhibitions, and lectures, and songs, and what not, and the P.M.'s daughter, always in the movement, reciting Elizabethan lyrics in Mayfair. Altogether a great relaxation from war-time, what, and any profits for the Red Cross, I understand. But I daresay we'll find the Georgians, Robey and Tate, and Graves and Berry, and the like, a welcome relief—next week.

❀ ❀

But, of course, it's not half so boring now, seeing Shakespeare's plays done in the new way — rushed through at top speed, on "dam'd rhetoric," no liberties taken with the text, and really done something like the way it's supposed poor Bill meant us to do them, and not as some modern actor-manager prefers it. Made in Germany, I believe, the new-old way, *viâ* Granville Barker and Reinhardt. Only we've improved on it. I mean, it helps along even old Shakespeare, don't you think, when pretty people play the parts? In Germany they may be clever, but, oh, what a *country* of plain people!

❀ ❀

As well as the Shakespearian shows, a perfect stream of charity matinées and concerts and teas for soldiers—at one of next week's big affairs a touch of novelty in the way of stage and stalls appearing on the boards together. A real live duchess is performing with a real live actor. We live in stirring times, don't we? In the sacred cause of charity it's really quite beautiful, all this fraternising of the classes. And though we hear tearful tales all about no season for the débutantes, and no nothings for the others, they're really having quite a good time, you know, the Society women who run things. They *love* running things, *all* women do, and before the war there wasn't half enough to run.

❀ ❀

Talking of running things, funny how soon women get simply frightfully full of themselves once vested in a little new authority. I do wish they wouldn't, it does give one such a ghastly glimpse of what a boring world it'll be when women run everything, as they say they're going to one day—but I hope I'll be pushing up daisies when that state of things comes to pass.

❀ ❀

Asked to visit a man the other day at a big London house given up to wounded officers, I arrived at the stated hour, armed with flowers, smiles, and sympathy. But on the very threshold female authority was simply wallowing in its new-born power. A large plain nurse-person, bristling with importance at being in tempy charge of even a broken section of the British Army, fairly froze me. She was quite right, of course—only one visitor allowed, and I wasn't that one. But I *was* glad, as I retired completely defeated, that there weren't *only* women in the world.

"A large plain nurse-person fairly froze me"

❀ ❀

I'm teaching the dragon-dog to beg when I say "Shakespeare!"—my contribution to the week's Tercent., - etc.—and it's time for his afternoon lesson, so I must fly. But first I do wonder why men always think you've quite forgotten them when you don't — well, keep on mentioning them. A mess in Sierra Leone writes to say that they think I sometimes forget that "there are still some unfortunate ones in places like this and in Jamaica, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Singapore, and Tsin-Tsin, to name a few. We are 'carrying-on,' you know, doing what somebody's got to do under not the most pleasant of circumstances, and that reflection's all the consolation we get. No honours or glory, but only mosquitoes and fever—share us a thought, Blanche, dear, will you?"

❀ ❀

I wish they wouldn't think we forget them, for we don't, not really, though I know it's nice to be *told* one isn't forgotten. But I've heard it before since the war began, this plaint that we "sometimes forget" the men who in far and lonely places toi—

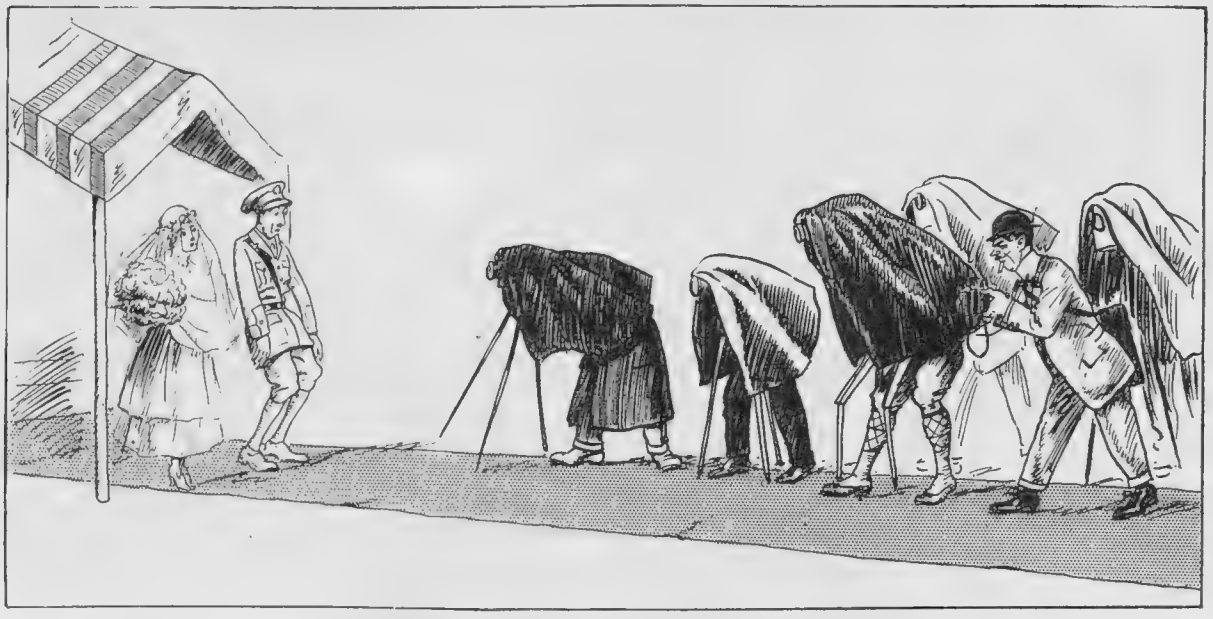
> England with bare and bloody feet
> Climb the steep road of wide Empire—

and perhaps—perhaps—we deserve the reproach just a little. If we have, if we do, we've just this one excuse—the war, which absorbs men's minds and women's, too. But we oughtn't to forget all the same, and if I have will they please forgive me, and I'll never do it again.

With love, yours ever,

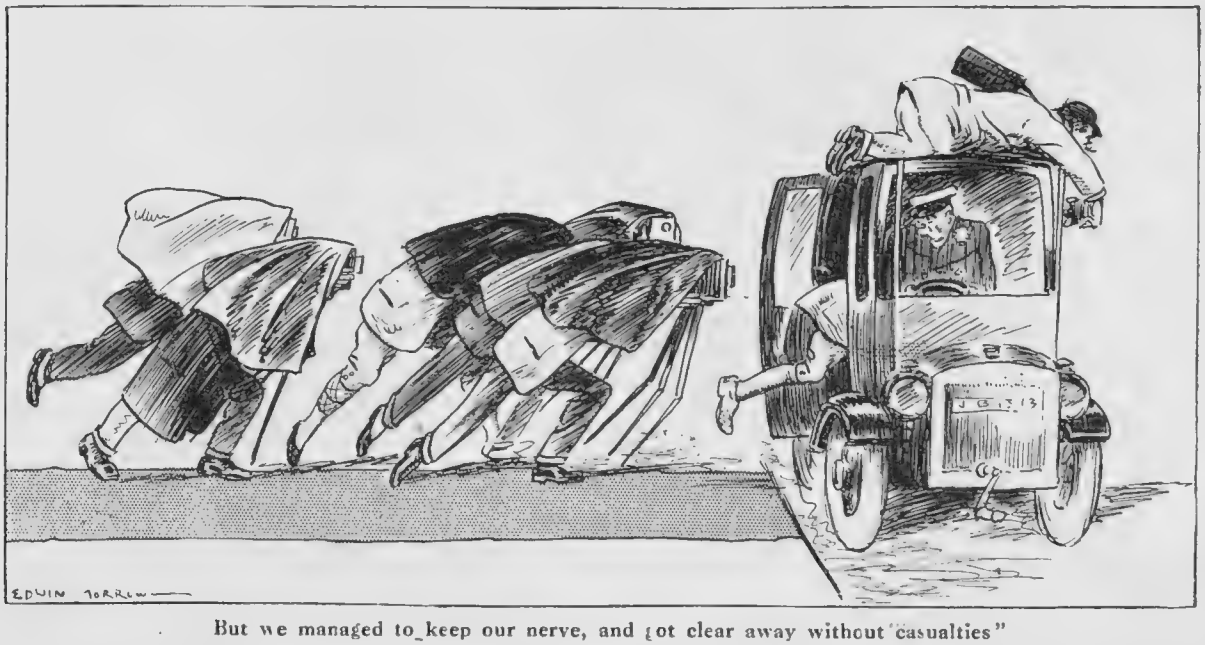
Blanche

From a Letter to the Front



"We had to face a terrific bombardment this morning—

The beggars had got our exact range, and there was a straight run of a dozen yards without cover—



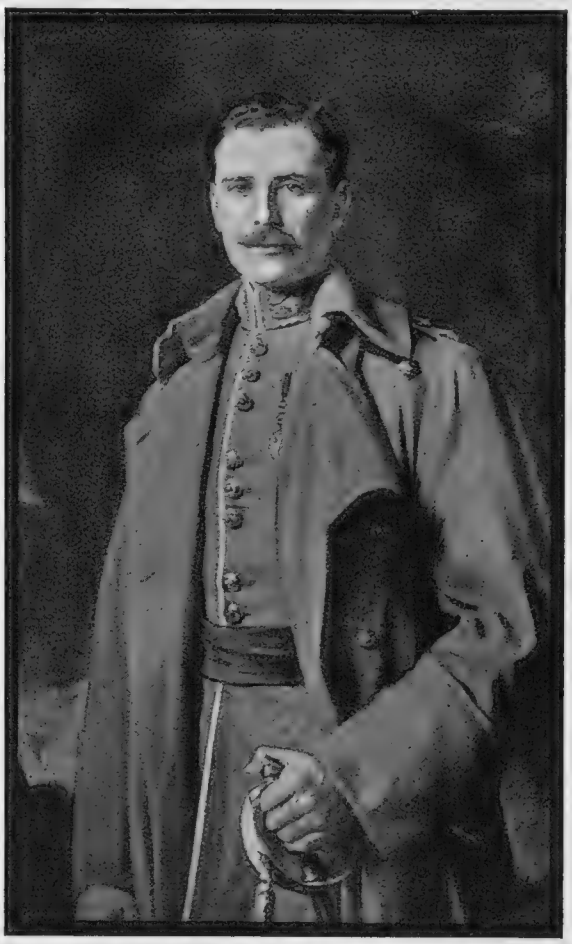
But we managed to keep our nerve, and got clear away without casualties"

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

WHAT THERE IS TO ENJOY

Taxed Amusements

EVERYONE knows the extraordinary longevity of a feeble jest. Thus it was to be expected that any mention of the Burlington House Exhibition as an amusement to be taxed was bound to make our humorists of the Bench exercise the favourite jokes about the penal side of a visit to the R.A. One is not uncritical or immune from headache, and yet for thirty years or so I, along with a few million other people, have found plenty to enjoy—after one fashion or another—among the Spring pictures at the Academy. Notwithstanding the awful circumstances which shadow the year 1916, the present collection will be found to contain the usual—by no means enormous—proportion of valuable works. THE BYSTANDER likes to be up-to-date, but at the moment of writing the Academicians have just admitted the Press within their doors, so that in this issue I can only forecast, as it were, the probable runners for popularity this year.



CAPTAIN THE VISCOUNT COKE. BY WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, A.R.A.

The admirable treatment of uniforms in the many portraits of soldiers and sailors will be found to be a great feature this year on the walls of Burlington House. No one has mastered the difficulties, say, of the frock of the Scots Guards better than that polite and charming portrait painter, Mr. Llewellyn

Romance of War and Art

WHILE life and death and love and those sort of essential things remain, the horrors of scientific destruction cannot rob war of its romance nor the artist of his desire to make it the subject of his skill. The many and varied pictures showing different phases of the war in the present exhibition are by no means the most interesting to the lover of art, but they are doubtless the particular works which will engage the attention of the largest public, for they speak to us of the thing that is for ever in our minds—those vast armies, members of which are fighting or dying for British freedom every minute of every day.

War Subjects and Portraits

SUCH a picture as Mr. Jack's "The Return to the Front" is sure of the widest public welcome. Had Frith lived in our period he might have crowded more incidents, more comedies of bravery, pathos, patience and joy into his railway station than does Mr. Jack. But the main difference is a matter of changing time and the conventions of a modern colour scheme as against the treatment of each picture within a picture which was affected by the artists of the 'fifties.

Old Peace and Modern Warfare

FEW decorative subject pictures in the present exhibition are likely to equal the gaiety and bold treatment of "A Pastoral," by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, whose election as an A.R.A., although late, is extremely welcome. In a period when British art was dull, if fairly respectable, Mr. Greiffenhagen's fine feeling for form and colour and the courageous handling of his paint won all our admiration. That was twenty years ago, and his latest pictures prove that his art has gained in depth and feeling since then, while it has lost nothing of the *élan* of youth or the joy of accomplishment. "A Pastoral," with its hint of old, forgotten, far-off things, forms a delightful relief to the battles of to-day and the many paintings dealing with the sad incidents of the last year. Among these "Mater Dolorosa Belgica" of Mr. Frank Brangwyn is the finest. But Mr. Fred Roe's "The Fortune of War" and "Before the Dawn" belong to a more popular school, in which the "Evening in Sight" of Mr. H. S. Power and "The Mother of Heroes" of Mr. W. Flint Russell take excellent places.

Portraits

TO those who make a point of carping at the Academy the fact that portraiture is our national art is always a worrying affair. This year, however, those who are most unfriendly to this interesting branch of work cannot but be appreciative of Mr. Orpen's "Right Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G.," Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Lieut. Nicholas John Prinsep," Mr. Charles Shannon's "Miss Rachael Castellani," and especially the "Miss Elizabeth Asquith," of Mr. John Lavery, or the beautiful "Hazel" by the same painter. To many other pictures of interest I hope to return next week.

EGAN MEW

ROYAL ACADEMY 1916

A FIRST SELECTION

THE VISCOUNTESS COLE. BY WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, A.R.A.

The artist gives us the typical aristocratic woman of our period in England: the daughter of a well-known House, and the wife of a soldier who is heir to the Earl of Enniskillen

"Ladies, Whose Bright Eyes . . ."

LADY WOOD, BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH, BY JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

Beauties of the Stage and Society

MISS HILDA MOORE, BY CHAS. SHANNON, A.R.A.

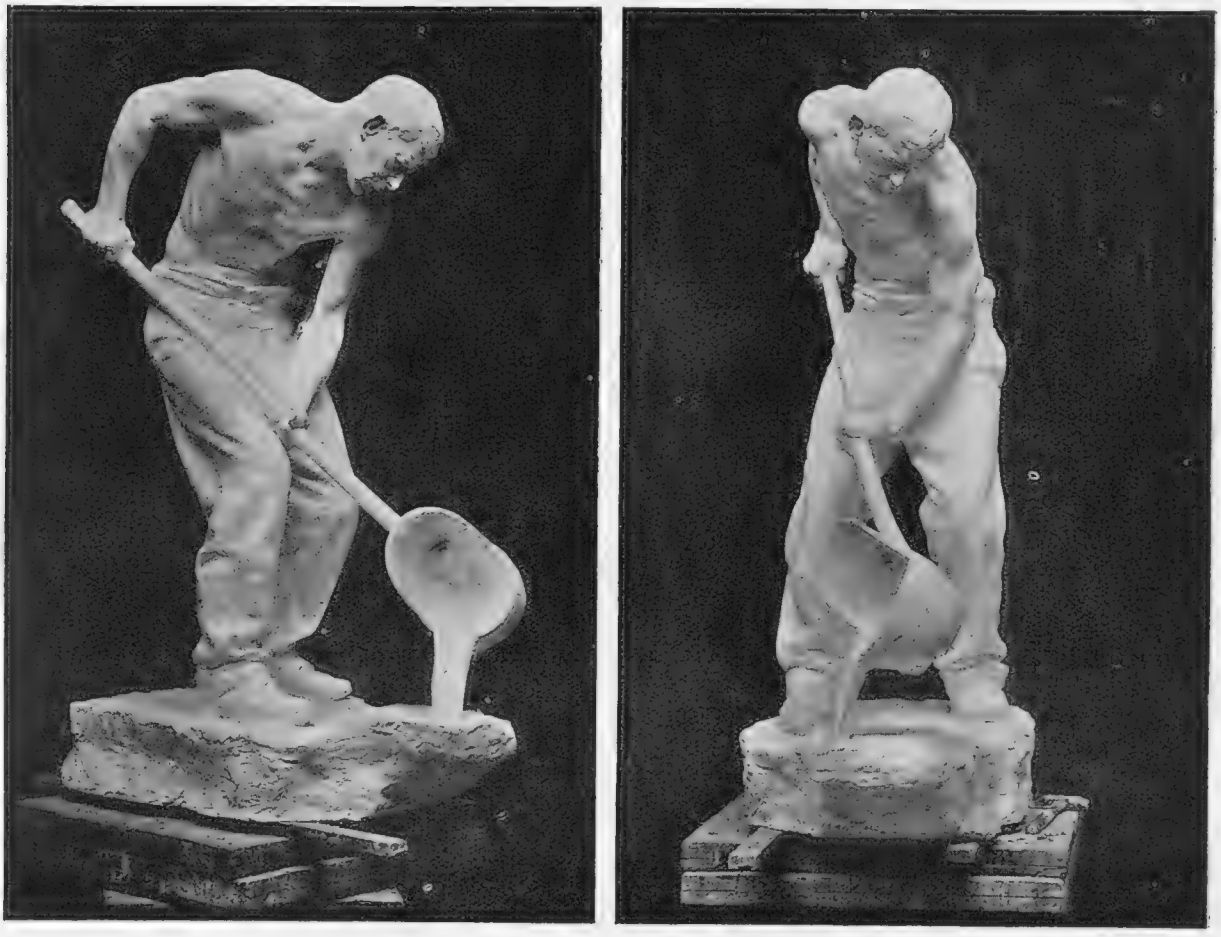
MISS RACHAEL CASTELLANI, BY CHAS. SHANNON, A.R.A.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (continued)

War Workers in Art

"WAR WORKERS." BY PROFESSOR GERALD MOIRA

Professor Moira carries out the true mission of the artist by reminding us of the beauty and devotion which lie within the bustle and horror of war. The brilliant colouring in this picture of women enjoying their task, adds immensely to the gaiety of Burlington House this year



"IRON." BY ALBERT TOFT

The dignity of labour and the beauty which follows are expressed with great vigour in this admirable figure, the archtype of a war worker as seen by an artist

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (concluded)

Popular War Pictures

"THE RETURN TO THE FRONT." BY RICHARD JACK, A.R.A.

Although very far from being among the best paintings this scene of adieux at a big station will probably be that curious work which used to be known as "the picture of the year." It calls to the man and woman in the street who make or unmake popularity

"THE ENEMY IN SIGHT." BY H. S. POWER

The forces from over-seas fighting for the British appear in many pictures and Mr. H. S. Power makes full use of the drama contained in these circumstances in more than one painting

NEW AFTER-WAR TYPES

The Smart Set on Quarter Rations

THE Smart Set fringe of Society before the war played the spoilt child. One could never forgive it for its impertinences or forget it for its noise. It was vulgarly ostentatious and wickedly wasteful. True, it was not nearly as naughty as it pretended to be, but it insisted on being (in the language of the cheap print-sellers), "'ighly-coloured." It over-ate itself, and quite as often under-clothed itself. But it was so busy aping the vices expected of it that it had no time to conceal the one virtue it possessed. It was delightfully tolerant of its own backsliders.

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AND now it has ceased to be. The war has made an end of it. Hats off to its menfolk who, in the hour of necessity, ceased to be lisping popinjays and faced a real hell like gentlemen. And many of its women, too, have done bravely; at first, perhaps, because it was "the thing," and later out of obedience to a nature which had been but masked. It is doubtful whether any of those would return to their empty lives if they could. Still, the temptation will be denied them. We are to be taxed out of silliness and starved into sense.

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MONEY — money — pots of money—there you found the pivot of the Smart Set's saucy being. Its feasts, its jewels, its raiment, its endless riot of wild waste—only money and money to burn could provide them. Poor folk, it is true, now and again passed like shadows over its stage, but that was only for the reason that they were human sensations of sorts. They amused, excited, or, more likely, shocked, for a week or two, and then disappeared. The very, very rich alone were always there. And now the very, very rich have ceased to be. The King's tax-gatherers are hotly chasing them. Gold and jewels are claimed by the Empire. The toll is heavy to-day, and will be far heavier before long. The money flung away on a single night's feast will have to suffice for a whole year's living.

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OF course, the old brigade of squanderers may be succeeded by fresh reinforcements. War-wealth may have its troop of parvenus, and the States may rush in where Britons cease to tread. Even if this does happen the new Smart Society will be so outrageously labelled "Wealth Only" that in a world of very general impoverishment it will be a scandal not to be tolerated. It really was "Wealth Only" before, but then we were lax and forgiving. The new mood of the nation will stand no nonsense.

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I DO not anticipate that shabbiness will be the new order of gentility. In our reversion from dress to taste we need not go to extremes. Smart Society was an open defiance of character and charm. The individual counted for nothing: the setting and externals—all of cheque-book creation—were the all-in-all. These vulgar rich people were usually quite nasty. Let us hope that in poverty they may learn to be nice. But whether they do so or not they and everyone else must realise that the new standard of values will be personal. Now that the great feasts are over, nice minds will be the new appeal.

ANZAC DAY IN SOCIETY

In the unavoidable absence of the Prime Minister from the day's celebrations the responsibility of escorting Mrs. Asquith devolved upon Mr. Bonar Law, who so willingly shares the Premier's difficulties in the Cabinet, and is ever ready to aid in the solution of knotty problems, whether of foreign or domestic affairs

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AND some of us will learn what hospitality means. Those fine receptions when neither host nor hostess could have even named one out of twenty of their "guests"—they were not hospitality, but merely a free picture show—and only satisfying to dress-experts, tuft-hunters, and those who enjoy being thoroughly uncomfortable. Hospitality in some circles has at last a chance of becoming real. Instead of a nameless rabble friends will alone be entertained. Delicacies and rare wines we can no longer offer them, so it will be ourselves that they will come to see. And unless they like us as much as we like them they will stay away.

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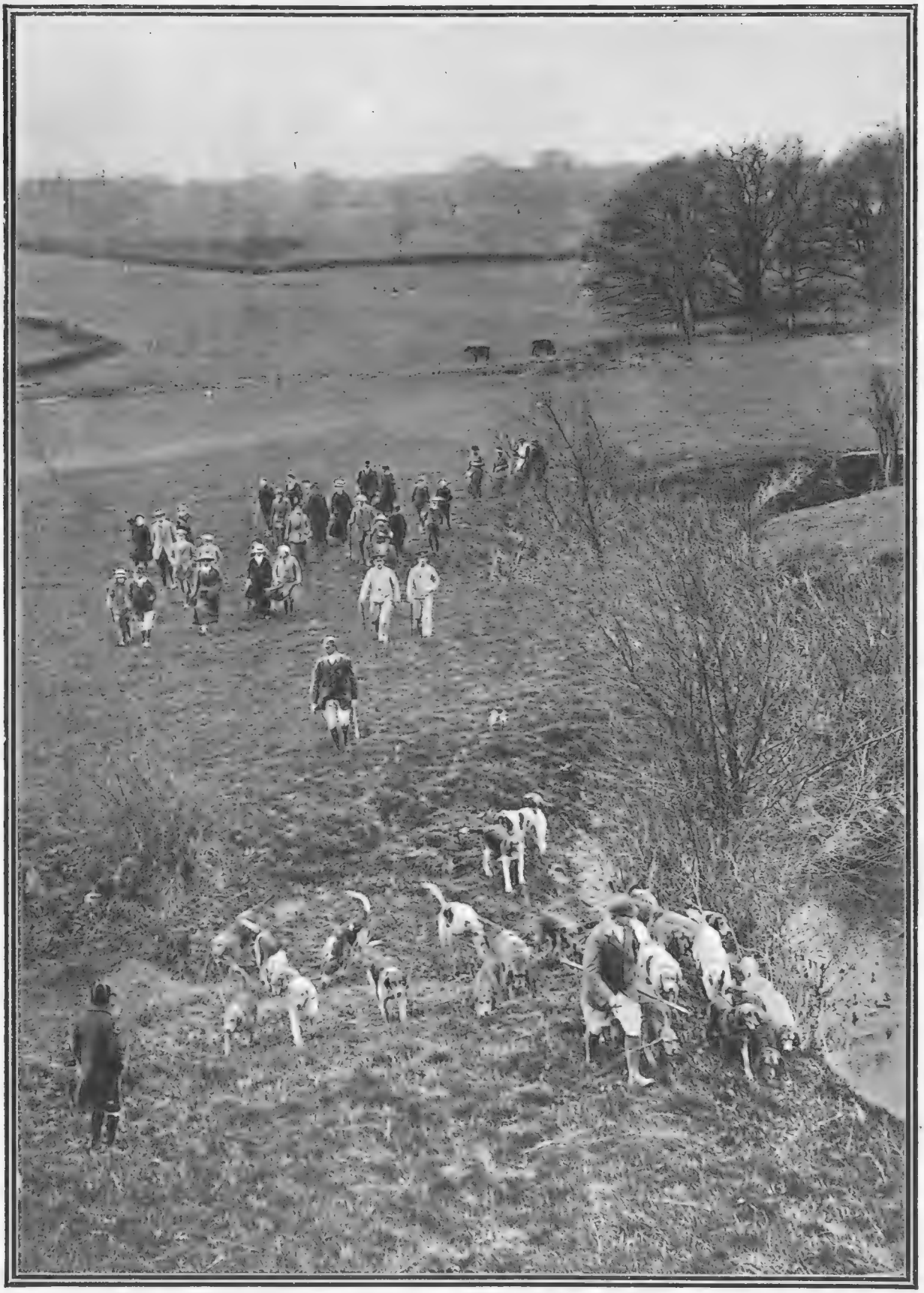
IT is, indeed, a new social world that is opening out before us. Poverty calls for graces of her own, and the school where they are learnt is a hard one. Wealth has a wizard's trick of transfiguring its possessor but when the wealth has gone we shall find that Dives disinherited is often but a puppet of a man. And we shall not like him for himself, and probably we shall detest his wife, be appalled at his daughter, and cut his son. Society that accepts or rejects on purely personal qualities will be worth entering, and personal

(Continued on page 200

Summer Sport in the Field



Photograph *Sport and General*

OPENING MEET OF THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS

A general view of the Hunt working its way up the Eridge Stream at Groombridge. Note the two convalescent soldiers at the head of the field

THE SMART SET ON QUARTER RATIONS (*concluded from page* 198)

charm and character will be the chief passports. If I have not adequately marked my distinction between Smart Society and Society I shall have done a grave injustice to a multitude of men and women at the very moment when they most deserve gratitude. Normal Society in this country is not only free from disease, but splendidly helpful. The Smart "perversion" is not merely loathsome to Society proper, but has for long been a grave danger to the State.

THE comparison between wasteful wealth and abject poverty is still the main lever in the Socialist scheme of destruction. In itself indefensible and unanswerable, it is at the same time one of those open scandalous truths which bite into the souls of an angry crowd. I am sure that had not the War broken in on us this mob of silly selfish wastrels—the Smart Society folk—would have been one of the main causes of a revolution. The War has purged us of them, and we must see to it that they do not return in Peace.

THE new Society must lead the way in social life and ordering. On quarter rations it will do much. Renouncing the flesh-pots of Park Lane, it will win anew the respect and following that English gentlemen have enjoyed at all periods in our history. It will rule again—you may say what you like, Mr. Mob-Orator—but it certainly will rule again, because it will have learnt to obey the precepts that living men and human character count pricelessly beyond millions, and that a greater burden of service and self-denial lies on those who have been favoured beyond others.

"FOR'ARD ON"

Song: "I WANT SHOVING."

(*At St. Stephen's nightly*)

VOCALIST: — Mr. A. Q. I. H

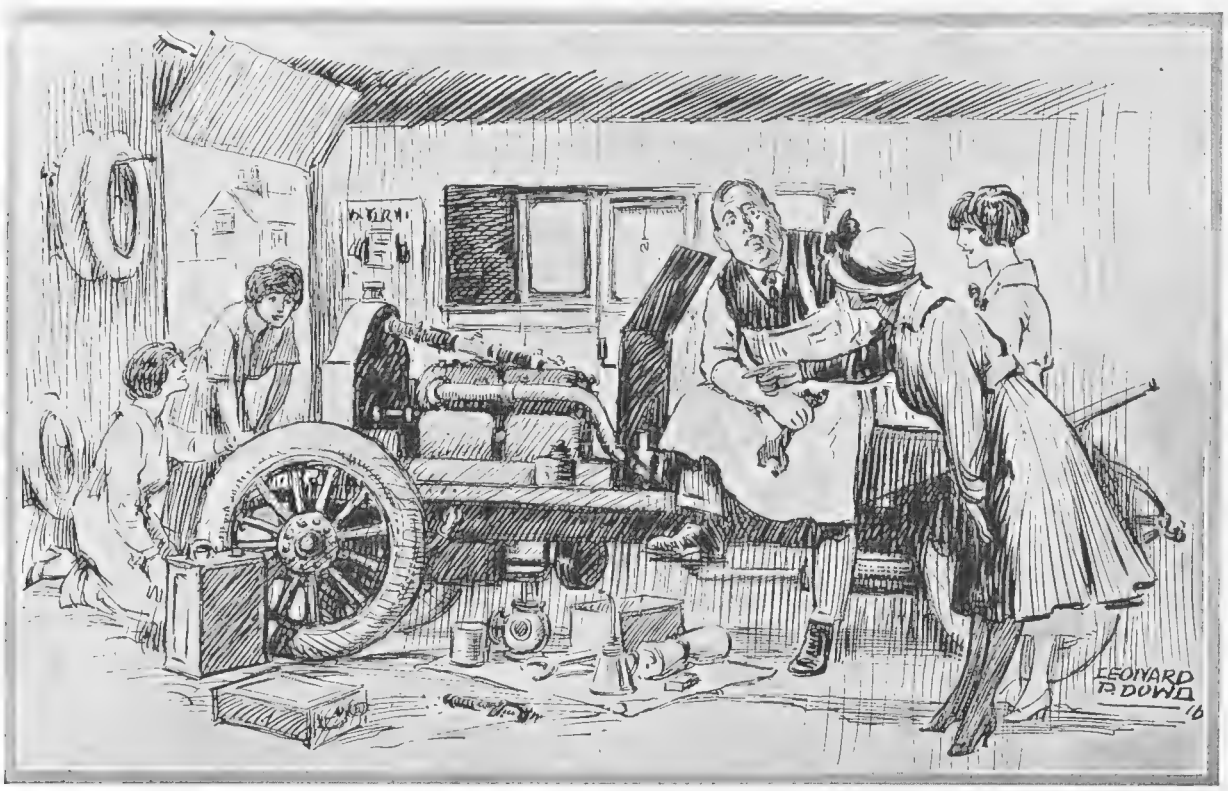
I've a conscience highly plastic
Very fine, but very slick,
And it stretches like elastic
If a stretch'll do the trick.
I'm a dab at making phrases
"Wait and see"—my own—the craze is,
And there's only just one blessed
Thing to which I always stick!

But I want shoving, I want shoving,
I never move unless I'm shoved, and
haste I think a crime.
Oh! I want shoving, such a lot of shoving,
I want shoving all the time!

. . . . . .

I've a manner brisk or stately,
I am dignified or gruff,
And you may have noticed lately
I'm a master hand at bluff.
I've a pretty taste in fictions
And my words and my convictions,
I can eat and eat for ever,
For I've never had enough.

But I want shoving, I want shoving,
I rarely move without a shock, though
down I'll always climb.
Yes, I want shoving, such a lot of shoving,
I want shoving all the time.



INSTRUCTOR AT MOTOR SCHOOL (at the end of the afternoon course): "Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

PUPIL: "Er, yes! There's just one thing I'm not sure of—do you put the water to cool the engine down the same hole as the petrol?"

"MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

That Hat

"Pop out and get it, Bert"
"Pop out yerself"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in PARIS

AN UNPUBLISHED SCENE OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

LET us forget the war this week, shall we? Monsieur Célestin Demblon has published a book called "Lord Rutland is Shakespeare," which has created some sensation among Shakespeare-lovers in Paris. For Mr. Demblon has, he says, discovered that Lord Rutland, who was mixed up in the conspiracy which sent Essex to the scaffold, and who was twenty-five years old at the time, lived in retirement under another name, and during this retirement wrote most of the plays which posterity has ascribed to William Shakespeare. Shakespeare's real name, says Monsieur Demblon, was Shaxper, and the French author says that Rutland drew his portrait in the character of Falstaff. Monsieur Demblon declares that thirty-two of Shakespeare's plays were Rutland's work, and that the others were written by Lord Southampton.

BUT for some unaccountable reason neither Monsieur Demblon, nor anyone else who refers to the vexed question of who wrote Shakespeare's plays, has thought fit to print the following scene from the fourth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, although it does away entirely with the utter incongruity of the submission of a man of Shylock's character to the injustice of the verdict of the Doges' Court. Therefore, allow me.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A public place outside the court. Enter TUBAL. *To him, from the court,* SHYLOCK.

Tubal. And so thy case is lost.

Shylock. But wrongly Tubal!
Oh father Abram, how these Christians plead!
Lost by a quibble, by a foolish word
Which has no sense or purpose in its being
And yet could wreck me ruin. Tell me Tubal,
Is it not true that who saith flesh saith blood?

Tubal. In very sooth 'tis true.

Shylock. Yet in the court
When once that beardless stripling did opine
It was not so, the case and all was lost.

Tubal. And thou?

Shylock. Aye! There's the bitterest cruelty of all!
In mercy they will take my wealth from me
The half of it, they say, and spare my life
Which they hold forfeit for conspiracy
Against the life of that weak puling cur
They call Antonio. And for the other half
Which they in mercy leave me, I shall turn Christian.

Tubal. Christian? Thou?

Shylock. Aye so. I'll rend the yellow badge from off my garb,
And go about as other merchants do,
But in my heart of hearts and in my faith
As well thou knowest, Tubal,
Shylock is Jew.

Tubal. What of the money?

Shylock. Ah, there my heart and moneybags are rent
Beyond repairing. Listen what shall hap.
The half my wealth goes to Antonio,
To render, as he said to-day in court,
Unto the Christian husband of my daughter,
Or she who once was so—thou knowest Tubal
I have no daughter now—the other half
The state remits me, but upon my death
That also shall be gi'en to Jessica,
To her who pawnéd once my Leah's ring.
Nay Tubal! Never shall these moneys go
To Jessica.

Tubal. But how wilt thou prevent?

Shylock. I'll tell thee how
But never breathe to any man a word
Of what I now shall tell thee. Swear it, Tubal
Upon our friendship, and thy father's beard.

Tubal. I swear it, Shylock.

Shylock. Good. 'Tis well. Now list
To what I have imagined. By the law
As well thou knowest, of this town of Venice
Once made a Christian (faugh! I hate the name!)
I am in rank and liberties as free
As e'en the Duke himself. Now hearken thou!
My Leah's dead, may Heaven rest her soul,
What shall prevent me now, to wive again,
A Christian woman, who shall bear me child?
Note you my drift?

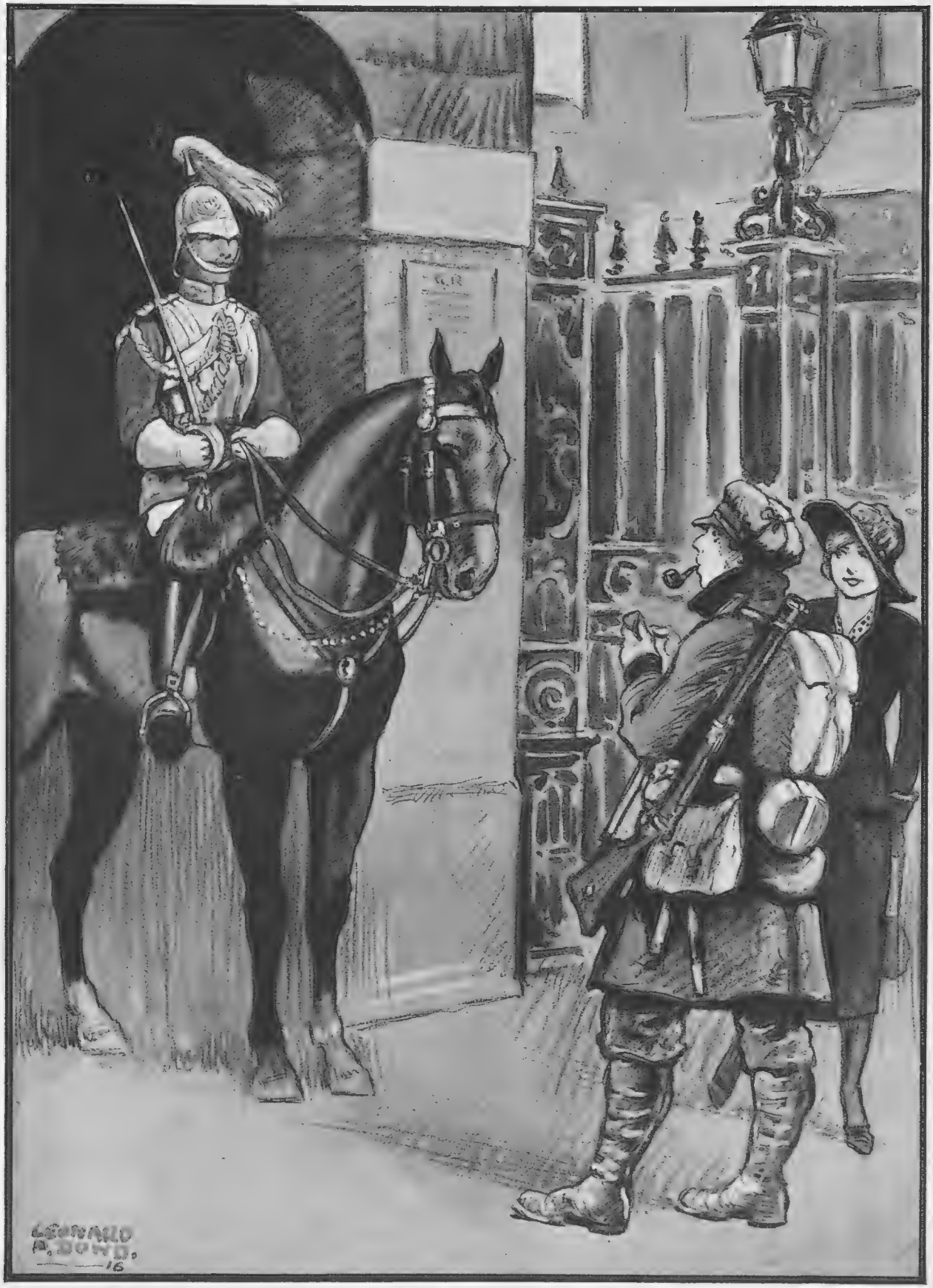
Tubal. No, Shylock, not at all.

Shylock. Why look you, bat,
Upon my death bed I will leave my wealth
That wealth for which I've toiléd all my life
Unto the offspring that my new wife bears.
That child shall be a Christian. So is she
Who once was called my daughter. As thou knowest
No guerdon is allowed, by law, in Venice
To those who plead on each and either side,
For and against, whene'er the state's concerned,
So, Tubal, let them plead! And let the court
Be occupied for longer than they list
For many years, for Tubal, 'twill be long
E'er they can finish with the weary case.
I laugh to think how they will curse the name
Of Shylock, junior, *versus* Jessica. Farewell, good Tubal!
And I will home and work my vengeance out
In every detail. I will shew them too,
It may not all be gain to balk a Jew.

It does seem more logical, doesn't it?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Mutual Admiration



AN ACTUALITY IN WHITEHALL

The "Fighting Fifth" Live Up to Their Name

Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau

"AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY"—AT ST. ELOI

Officers and men of the famous "Fighting Fifth," the Northumberland Fusiliers, photographed immediately after the battle of St. Eloi. Assisted by the Royal Fusiliers, the "Fighting Fifth" took with great dash the front and second lines of German trenches on a front of some six hundred yards, capturing many prisoners and causing great losses to the enemy

Anzac Day—April 25, 1916

WHICH COINCIDED (HUSH!) WITH THE SECRET SESSION OF PARLIAMENT

LORD KITCHENER AND GENERAL ROBERTSON ARRIVE AT THE ABBEY

THE SCENE IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE AS THE ANZACS ENTERED THE ABBEY

GENERAL BIRDWOOD (commonly known as "the Soul of Anzac")

H.M. THE KING

The King and Queen were present at the Special Service held in Westminster Abbey on April 25, to celebrate the Anniversary of the first landing of Australian and New Zealand troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula. A large number of Anzacs came to London to join in the day's celebration, and there were most enthusiastic scenes during their march through the streets. It was an historic coincidence that Anzac Day was also Secret Session Day at St. Stephen's

The "Balts": Startling Discovery by a "Bystander" Artist

The artist to whom we are indebted for this picture writes as follows: "In your issue of the 19th ult. you cast suspicion upon the irreproachable veracity of the German Chancellor, who mentioned the 'Balts' in his great speech, by suggesting they did not exist. *I have seen* the Balts, and send you a picture of their peaceful home-life. Baltland lies in the wet marshes between Archangel and Constantinople. It is always raining there, being thus similar to Great Britain. The Balts are entirely bald, hence their name—'Balt' in Magyar-Finnish meaning 'hairless,' as you, of course, know. They have, however, thick hair on their heels, live entirely on fricasséed frogs, are of sad temperament, and wear small umbrellas on their heads on account of the wet. It is rumoured that the Kaiser intends to take a rest in Baltland after the war, as he does not like those people who are staying in Corfu"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MONSIEUR ET MADAME

By DELL LEIGH

When Maxwell heard publicly that Germany had declared war upon France he was playing golf with old General Turnbull at Le Touquet. Two men, sitting at the tenth tee had gesticulated to that effect, and the General, hearing them, overplayed his approach to the ninth and lost the hole. They abandoned the game by mutual consent. The General hurried to his hotel, muttering vaguely that when the old country came in there would be work for "dug-outs" like himself. Maxwell strolled down leisurely to the Paris train at Boulogne at two, and was back in that city of light in time to be exceedingly late for dinner.

His presence on the beautiful Le Touquet golf course at a period when France was, so to speak, crouching for a spring at her old foe, had not been without purpose. He was one of those quiet, self-effacing Englishmen whose country demands they shall spend most of their days in some other. Boulogne-sur-Mer, that seaside town of summer pleasantries, whose harbour and Casino welcome the Briton from the decks of the *Brighton Queen*, and such craft, would probably become a British Advanced Base. Certain English eyes were, therefore, fastened upon it, and English preparation, a little slow and cumbersome, perhaps, was being made in which the word Boulogne figured largely. When Great Britain makes "preparations" other Powers, represented by quiet gentlemen with spectacles, who never know anything, come out and watch her doing it with a tolerant smile upon the face—and fear in the heart. Everyone had, in fact, begun to watch everyone else. The diplomatic barometer, a difficult glass to read, was jumping here and there at the touch; and the needle, as everyone knows, dropped eventually to the point marked WAR.

That is, briefly, why Maxwell, of the Foreign Office, played golf at Le Touquet with the General, and putted with the deep concentration which marked all his actions. He was there, as he would have said genially, "pour encourager les autres."

Some men are engaged for the greater part of their lives in watching the rise and fall of stocks in the markets of the world—an enervating pursuit, though sometimes lucrative. Others, who have their business upon the great waters, watch the rise and fall of tides. Others, again, watch Nature at her seed-time and her harvest. There are some also whose business it is to watch Nations. Of such was Maxwell. He watched France.

But when France and his own country departed from the precedent of history and joined hands, Maxwell's immediate purpose in life seemed at an end, and he applied for a recall. His masters, however, sitting in leather chairs in large, silent rooms, thought otherwise. These grave, pale-faced men, of whom an impatient public knows little and cares less, knew the value of Maxwell. They knew that it was such as he who could be relied upon to refute, tactfully, but with authority, the many lies that would soon circulate in France about England and her ways; lies, the object of which was to shake a new-found faith.

So they told him, in the usual cypher, to stay and look pleasant.

And he stayed, and played golf, when he wasn't watching, which was seldom. He idled openly in Paris, hiding his boredom behind an impassive face. There were lucid intervals, however. He watched the Longchamps race-course, beloved by all good Parisians, converted in a few days into a gargantuan cattle-pen—and ruined for years. At the irony of this he smiled, the first time for days. He had already heard the massed crowd in the Place de la Concorde on the night of the mobilisation générale singing, in half-tone in the gloom, the "Marseillaise" and the "Chanson de Départ"—and that was a moment for tears, to those who allow themselves the luxury of tears. For it was the voice of a nation singing, as it were, through clenched teeth, beneath the shadow of the Alsace monument.

He saw also the gradual closing of the cafés after dark, the slowing down of the pulse of Paris, and the sending of this Republican populace prematurely to their beds at the bidding of one man, Monsieur le Préfet de Police.

This same man, Maxwell noticed, turned his attention very shortly to the arts. There was too much music, this iron gentleman had said—let there be less. Above all, let there be no German. And it was so. Lists of composers were submitted, by nationality, to his august approval. He chose and discarded with a heavy hand. A hand, it is to be presumed, more attuned to the cold grip of a sword hilt than to the light touch of keyboards. Because, when he came to the English composers, it is said he was sore perplexed, and drove the end of a quill pen through his thick grey hair. "Les compositeurs anglais? Nom de Dieu! Ils n'existent pas!"

Certain loyal Allies laughed behind the hand discreetly when the standard of British music was officially represented by "Tipperary," "The Rosary," and "Narcissus"—no other morceaux being allowed! One can imagine that the Muses must have been merry on Olympus that day—for did not Jove give them a sense of humour?

All this, and more, Maxwell observed with his steady eyes, as he sat in this café and that over his coffee or apéritif. He noticed particularly the women. For it is a wise man who watches the women of France in times of crisis. And Maxwell was wise, and silent—which is the wisdom most difficult of all to attain.

He was sitting thus in a café one spring night, watching very carefully, though his neighbours saw in him merely a tall man, a little grey about the temples, absorbed in the pages of "L'Intransigeant" and the recent French advance in Champagne. It was a café which few Englishmen enter, and was for that reason frequented by Maxwell, upon whom

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 208*)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 207)

Monsieur le Patron beamed, as upon a friend. Curiously enough, the police had closed this same café permanently a week ago; and curiously enough it was now full. The Parisians are as law-abiding a people as any. But in all cities, even German, police rules are sometimes broken. It was not entered now by the street, but by an evil-smelling yard, littered with disused market carts, suspiciously like tumbrils! A stable, half way up, with a manger which swung outwards by a certain turn of the wrist—a certain knock with the knuckles upon a door let into the rough woodwork, and—sesame! the lights of the café scullery beyond, and Madame bowing, finger poised for caution.

But an iron shutter closed the café-restaurant to the world. Upon it was pasted the usual notice, "Fermé à cause de la mobilisation." Did the passing police agent tread more heavily as he approached with iron shod heel upon the pavement? Did he smile beneath the heavy moustache as the printed notice caught his eye? Who knows? Your Paris policeman is a taciturn man, despite the English pictures of him.

Maxwell threw his paper down and studied the painted instructions on the wall to drink. He may have seen, or he may not, exhortations to order "Pousse L'Amour" at 1.25 the glass. "Kneiberbein" (drunk no longer) at 1.50. "Fizzes," "Coblers" (Américain) at 1.40. His gaze wandered abstractedly to the little scaffold in the corner, upon which hung Guillaume, of the German Empire, beautifully modelled in wax, by an habitué of Montmartre. Beneath the effigy, whose tongue, by the way, hung out dreadfully, was placed a box, heavy with sous "pour ceux qui sont grâvement blessés à la main de Guillaume Le Bandit"—and the word means more in French.

A man, smelling slightly of garlic, sat down suddenly at Maxwell's table and clicked finger and thumb at the proprietor, from whom he ordered beer in a whisper. Everyone conversed in whispers, and among them all moved gently the proprietor, cautioning this client and that to less noise. Anon he would raise his hand, hiss through his teeth "Nom de Dieu, voulez-vous vous taire?" and silence would reign complete and absolute, while the steady "tramp, tramp," outside gave his reason. Then, at the dropping of his hand, but not before, the sibilant whispering would break out afresh, like an incoming tide over dry sand.

When Maxwell's vis-à-vis was occupied with his glass the Englishman looked him over carefully. He had a vague recollection of having seen this face before somewhere in the crowded past. A small, dark man, assuredly of the people. He had furrows about his mouth and a strong chin; small, restless eyes, and a look in them of affliction long since past, and perhaps lived down. Maxwell had seen him half an hour before at the other end of the large room, and wondered why he had changed his place. Doubtless the reason would transpire. The man looked up to meet a pair of steady emotionless eyes upon his face.

"Santé, Monsieur," he mumbled, and raised his glass.

"À la votre," replied Maxwell, and waited.

"They promenade much to-night, these agents"—and he jerked his thumb towards the street.

"A change for them," replied Maxwell, indifferently, "they have little enough crime to keep them occupied, these days."

"C'est vrai, parbleu," said the newcomer, and fell into thought. Then leaning forward slightly he asked a direct question, suddenly.

"Monsieur is not of Paris?"

"Nor yet of France," said the other, quietly.

"Monsieur is, perchance, English—no?"

"Yes. I am English."

"Then your French, Monsieur, is wonderful—my compliments."

Maxwell bowed gravely, and continued to gaze vacantly into space.

"Monsieur comes here often—is it not so?"

"Often," replied Maxwell with commendable patience.

"Why?" asked the man, with a brusqueness by no means French.

"Why not?" parried the Englishman, looking reflectively at his questioner, who merely shrugged his shoulders and sought his glass again.

"It is possible," he went on after a pause, "that Monsieur has doubts." And as he spoke he glanced quickly towards the door.

"Of whom?"

"Ma foi—of the whole world."

"No. I don't distrust the world. Some of its inhabitants, perhaps——," and the Englishman paused, knowing the impulsive confidence that would follow.

The man pushed his glass aside, made a scarcely perceptible movement of the fingers of his right hand, an odd twitch of the muscles, hardly more. It was a sign, used by the Russian Secret Service, only by men high up in that intricate business.

Maxwell, his face a mask, produced a silver cigarette-case and held it out. As he did so, he laid the palm of his left hand upon the table and gave the answering signal, a different sort of twitch, as of a man with rheumatism.

"Ah," said the other in Russian, "it is well. I had doubts. But no longer."

"Of what had you doubts, my friend?" asked Maxwell in the same language.

"Of you."

"Ah."

"Yes. But not now. You were in Petrograd in '98—and in Moscow."

"Well?"

"Your name is Maxwell?"

"Yes—that is my name."

"And I—I am Vasilieff!"

The Englishman was too well trained to show the surprise he felt. But with the word Vasilieff, half-forgotten memories, and the picture of many faces slid into his brain.

The dumping of explosives on a large scale into Petrograd, from London. The plot upon the Tsar's life in Moscow. The Nihilist propaganda, printed in London—a very nest of the Emperor's most virulent enemies unearthed in Stepney. The Imperial Government had asked Great Britain, in the language of diplomacy, through Maxwell and his then colleagues,

(*Continued on page 210*)

No Reasonable Flirtation Refused

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS IRIS HOEY

Who plays with much vivacity the part of Lolotte, the frisky wife of the distinguished and furiously jealous Italian tenor (Mr. Robert Cunningham) in "Mr. Manhattan," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The waltz-song, in which she threatens to "flirt with everyone," is one of the best musical numbers of the piece

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 205)

to pay more attention, please, to the doings of its undesirable aliens. To which Great Britain had responded, also in the same embroidered language, that if the Russian Government could see its way clear to keep the most undesirable of the said aliens within its own borders, the matter would become simpler for both parties. The letters had become a little acid in tone, and Maxwell and company were kept busy. And Vasilieff. The master-mind of the Secret Service of that time. A man one saw seldom and heard less. But the man who had been responsible for the unwinding of the intricate knots which had become enmeshed about the Tsar's feet. The man who had dispatched, to shovel snow in Siberia, a dozen or more of his Imperial Majesty's "most faithful subjects." Vasilieff, it was said, had been assassinated three weeks later as he was getting into a sleigh at a corner of the Newski Prospect.

"But you were murdered," said Maxwell, smiling gently.

"By the newspapers," answered Vasilieff, also smiling.

"I see!"

"It was better so. That was—arranged." And he spread out his hands, indicative of the fact that much can be "arranged" by the police of his country.

"And you have been—French, ever since?"

"French—by circumstance. And busy at that. I am the proprietor of a large cinema on the Boulevards, to which many come, of all classes—and nations."

"Yes," he continued, meaningly. "See." He touched the other's foot beneath the table, though his eyes were upon his glass. "They come now—those with whom I am concerned."

The Englishman did not glance in the direction of the door, which contained the figures of two laughing men and a woman. He merely yawned and stretched himself, as one who has sat long in the same place. The three passed their table, seeking seats, which they obtained further down the room.

"No more Russian now," whispered Vasilieff in English.

Maxwell glanced idly at the newcomers, then at Vasilieff.

"French, all three?" he asked in his own language.

"Only one—the woman. The other two, German born—Russian by domicile. German by instinct—and present occupation. Et voilà tout, mon ami."

"I see," replied Maxwell thoughtfully. "And you are——?"

The other nodded. "At work, comme d'habitude," and he shrugged disdainful shoulders. "They are easy game, those two, to a man who has been dead, and forgotten, these seventeen years," and he chuckled. "Besides, they leave tracks—which is stupid—n'est-ce pas? They are on, as you say in England, the last lap. To-morrow—we take them. Three days later, Sunday morning, a good day parbleu, the fortifications—et voilà la fin"; he drew swiftly with his forefinger on the table the outline of a grave, indicating with a gesture that in his opinion it was a lenient death. "Communicating information to the enemy, you call it. Bah! we have a shorter word."

The woman had leaned forward and was saying something amusing. The two men with her laughed out loud. The watchful proprietor hastened towards them with scowling face and upraised hand.

"And the woman?" asked Maxwell.

"Is my wife," replied the Russian, quietly.

Maxwell raised his eyebrows.

"Also——?" he said.

"Also."

"She works well," said the Englishman, glancing her way again.

"She has been well trained," replied her husband, not without a touch of pride. "She it is who baits the hook. But it is I"—he tapped himself on the chest with male superiority—"I who bring the fish—to the bank."

"What will you? When Monsieur et Madame work together," he shrugged, "ils sont forts, vous savez!"

"No doubt," replied Maxwell, reaching for his hat. "Well, I shall see you again," and he rose; "unless, that is, you are—er—too busy. For my part, I am completely idle, now that we fight side by side."

"No matter," answered the other. "It is well that we have you here. It is not only to the English soldiers that France looks—(sapristi, how they fight, those English)—but to the quiet English gentlemen"—he made a graceful gesture of the hand towards his companion—"who can—keep the mouth closed, hein?"

As Maxwell walked home he pondered on the Russian's gentle hint—and smiled.

DELL LEIGH

REPRISALS

"My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept a grocer's shop"
"My mamma says she can remember how much your mamma owes her for groceries"

Athletics in the R.A.M.C.

The well-known "Bystander" black and white artist, Mr. J. H. Dowd, is serving as a private in the R.A.M.C. and he gives above some sketches of the Sports of the 2nd London Sanitary Co., R.A.M.C. (T.F.) on the Parade Ground, Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

A Couple of Comedies

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE MAYOR OF TROY," At the Haymarket Theatre

THE name of the Mayor of Troy in this play is Major Solomon Hymen Toogood. He derives his military title from his association with the local volunteer force of a hundred years ago, which was apparently raised for the purpose of pushing Napoleon Bonaparte off the map of Cornwall, if the emergency should arise. The Mayor is a victim to that distressing complaint known as "swollen head." He has held office for seven years, and cannot hide from himself the suspicion that he is the creator and preserver of Troy and all that therein is. His friends pander to his amusing vanity in many ways, especially by the presentation to him of his own bust, which is to be formally unveiled by the Vicar in the presence of a numerous and influential assembly in due course. He himself talks of the coming event as if it were a matter of national importance, and we find him even wondering whether the Marquis of Wellington (as the Iron Duke then was) will find time to run down to Cornwall in order to be present at the epoch-making ceremony. And there is talk also of the Mayor's elevation to the Commission of the Peace in acknowledgment of his services to his country.

THE MANAGER OF THE CONCERN IN "THE SHOW SHOP" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

❀

THE character of Major Toogood does not seem to have been drawn with that meticulous care which is characteristic of "Q.'s" best work. Mr. Henry Ainley, in a quite remarkable study of the man, presents him as satisfied that he is really great. Instead of which, as has been so ably remarked, the Mayor must have been fully aware that he was a bluffer of the very finest quality. While he is posing as the representative of law and order in his famous town, he is filling in his spare time as a smuggler on a rather extensive scale. He even proposes to use the military manœuvres which he has organised for the purpose of fostering his sinful enterprises. While the guns are booming defiance to the French from the Cornish shores, the Major will avail himself of the tremendous amount of smoke caused by the firing to run a cargo of brandy ashore and thus evade the polite curiosity of His Majesty's Customs. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring continually to impress us that he was a great man and a loyal patriot, it seems to me that the Mayor might have taken himself less seriously, and have occasionally, as it were, tipped us the wink that his magnificence was only a pose designed to cover his nefarious pursuits.

IN due course we learn that the Mayor's boat, with its cargo of brandy, has been signalled off the coast. He at once does all he can to encourage the belief that the vessel is a Frenchman with aggressive designs; and pompously announces that he will go forth to meet the invader, and, if necessary, fall with his face to the foe. And all the while his only object is to superintend personally the unloading of his precious and illicit cargo. By a freak of fate the strange vessel turns out to be a Frenchman after all. It sinks the Mayor's boat, and then sheers off in the face of the gunfire from the forts. Presently we learn that all the crew of the Mayor's boat have been rescued and landed, with the exception of one member—the Mayor himself, who is mourned for dead.

❀

AFTER a lapse of ten years, however, the Mayor turns up again. It appears that he was rescued by the French boat and was taken to France as a prisoner of war. There he endured the usual privations, but was buoyed up all the time by the belief that on his return to Troy his old friends would flock round him to console him, and love him all the more for the dangers he had passed. But when he returns nobody even recognises him. The Mayor in his gorgeous major's uniform was one thing. The tattered prisoner of war with a game leg is quite another proposition. The lady the Mayor had been courting has quite cheerfully become the wife of another man, who in his turn has become the popular Mayor of Troy. It would seem from this that our "indispensables" are not such rare birds as they would have us believe. The idea seems to be one that lends itself to a perfect

(Continued on page 214)

The dramatic version of "Q's" book, "The Mayor of Troy" is now to be seen at the Haymarket, with Mr. Ainley in the leading part. To those who have read the book—if not to all others—the play is stimulating and amusing. But really good books rarely make really good plays

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 212)

A FAILURE THAT SUCCEEDED

orgy of riotous fun; but it is kept down to the dead level of wordy commonplace all the time, and is not always excessively amusing at that. "Q." has, apparently, fallen into the popular error that assumes that the literary man is, *ex officio*, a dramatist. It may have been so in the good old days, but these are other times—and other manners!

⁂

"THE SHOW SHOP"
At the Globe Theatre

THIS is a highly diverting story of the stage, viewed from behind the scenes. The "Show Shop" is the *milieu* in which "shows" are created. So the first scene shows us the office of an enterprising theatrical manager who is engaging "stars" for his newest production. Here we see Bettina Dean (Miss Marie Löhr) and her mother, Mrs. Dean (Lady Tree), engaged in the fascinating occupation of arranging terms. Bettina's mother was formerly an actress herself. In an inauspicious hour she left the stage for married life, a state for which, it is sometimes spitefully alleged, theatrical people have no natural gift. Mrs. Dean's marriage was certainly unhappy, and her chief anxiety is to prevent her dear daughter from making the fatal mistake of abandoning the stage for the mere home. This part, by the way, must be one of the most successful that Lady Tree has ever undertaken.

⁂

THEN there is Jerome Belden, a wealthy young man very much in love with Bettina, who, indeed, returns his ardent passion, as they used to say in romantic novels. But there is always Mamma with her stern reminder of the perils of home-life, and Belden is, therefore, compelled to resort to a little plotting in order to gain his end. If, for instance, Bettina could appear in a play that was an absolute failure, she would jeopardise her future career on the stage and might be more willing then to abandon the footlights for the fireside. Belden, therefore, calls upon the manager, and offers to finance the worst play that can be found among the office archives. Out of a heap of immature dramas they pick a play at random, and the very title of the thing suggests failure as a foregone conclusion.

⁂

IN order that the failure shall be as complete as possible, Belden, who has had no previous experience in the Thespian art, offers to take the part of the hero. This will, it is true, give him the added advantage of keeping the embracing of the heroine in his own hands, as it were. First of all, we see the rehearsal, and then the real performance, with the Manager and Bettina's mother as anxious spectators in a private box. Then the entirely unexpected happens. In spite of the indifferent acting of the hero, and his ridiculous mistakes at vital moments, the production is a triumphant success, bringing in its train heaps of applause and the promise of stacks of money. The story appeals, of course, to those who are interested in the theatrical profession, as well as in the drama itself; but it is a well-acted outbreak of really good fun, and ought not to be missed.

JINGLE

A VERY MUCH REHEARSED EFFECT AT THE FINAL REHEARSAL: A SCENE FROM "THE SHOW SHOP" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

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What Does He Know of England?

THE STUPIDITIES OF HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN

Old Lies Refurnished

Traitors are cheap to-day. Simultaneously with the capture of Roger von Casement, we have the English edition of the lucubrations of Herr Houston S. Chamberlain, translated and done into German-English under the name of *Ravings of a Renegade* (Jarrold and Sons). Mr. Chamberlain is English, though he did marry the daughter of Richard Wagner and became drawn into the Bayreuth musical life. But an Englishman writing down his own country at the time of war with even the country of his wife ought to have been much more successfully and business-likely treacherous than is the person who has written this book. Mr. Chamberlain should have given the Germans a much more useful indictment of his despised fellow-countrymen, telling them new untruths about us, not old ones, and saying almost as nasty things about us to the enemy as some of our newspapers say about us to ourselves. I have my doubts whether even a traitor-Englishman has written this book at all. Imagine a real Englishman saying that " in London every man wears the same trousers; every woman the same bonnet," and putting it solemnly on record that " once in the whole of London not a single blue tie was to be had; blue was out of fashion," and that " all people of both sex read the same novels, devour one volume a day, the novels of the week " !

Our Trousers

Suppose, gentle reader, *you* had married fifty German women, and were fifty times more pro-German than Mr. Chamberlain, can you conceive yourself basing your case against your own people on such matter as that? You would know that every Englishman positively does *not* wear the same trousers, that the whole wonderful and proud thing about our trousers is the way we *escape* wearing the same pairs as other people, or even the same patterns. Over and over again I have suspected other people of having on the same pair as myself, only to discover, delightedly, on further scrutiny, remarkably subtle points of difference.

Bonnets, Ties and Books

However violently one might detest one's fellow-countrymen, one would always be proud of the infinite variety of their trouserings—to say nothing about the cut thereof, as compared with foreigners. As for women and—bonnets. What were bonnets? And when did women wear the same bonnets the one as the other? Never in my life-time. As to never being able to get a blue tie—well. . . . And fancy " all people of both sex " reading the same novels, and devouring one a day! Alas! for the poor novelist, it is not so. Most people of the male sex do not read novels at all, and long-suffering as we are, we really do not have to endure " the novel of the week." A real Englishman, again, however earnestly he believed that Sir Edward Grey prepared the war, aad that we are all pirates and hypocrites and liars, etc., would not set it down that we, as a nation, celebrate Christmas in restaurants and rise at midnight sharp on Christmas evening to sing " For he's a jolly good fellow."

No Longer Merry

Mr. Chamberlain is at pains to prove that we were a very agreeable and " merry " people until we started out on the piracy business. " No comfort is to be found in England, no broad and kindly humour, no merriment. Everything, as far as public life is concerned, is haste, money, noise, show, vulgarity, arrogance, discouragement, and envy." Well, it may be so. But Mr. Chamberlain must not be too critical. Spending most of his life in the leisurely, poverty-stricken, quiet, modest, chaste, refined atmosphere of Berlin, his standard may be almost as high as that, say, of a critic from Chicago. It is really unfair of these Germans, who are so entirely free from the suspicion of ever having turned an honest pfennig, or indulged in commerce, or greed of gain, or pushfulness, or ostentation, to be so down on other nations for their weaknesses. And, besides, there must be some people in the world to keep shops—must there not?—and as we English are so demonstrably inefficient in every other thing, can we not be left in peace to die the appointed death? Why does Mr. Chamberlain worry about such a worthless stock as that from which he inadvertently sprang? And, by the way, isn't it a little too bad for the Berliner, who *never* indulges in immodesties, or promiscuous sex intercourse, or night-life, or anything of that kind, to censure the young men and girls of poor old England because they once, reluctantly and regretfully, danced the Tango?

All the Difference

The difference between the faults of England and those of other nations, which this " raving renegade " seems unable to get into his num-skull, is that in England, where there is wrong, there is consciousness of wrong, and remedy for wrong. We do not need Germans or renegade Englishmen to tell us of our faults, thank you. Our own *patriots* are doing that for us every morning and afternoon. Mr. Chamberlain expresses, at the end of his last chapter, the desire that the Germans " should get to know themselves more thoroughly, boldly cast out the many foreign things which take up so much room in Germany." I don't suppose Mr. Chamberlain takes up much room, but he is a type of " foreign thing " that Germany will be quite glad to do without after the war. If she will then have any taste for Englishmen—which is doubtful—it will be for real ones, not creatures of the species of Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

C.

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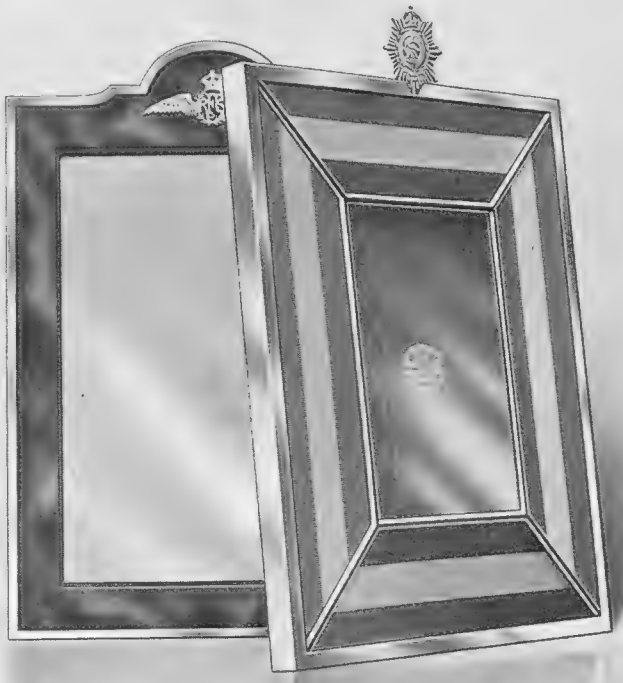

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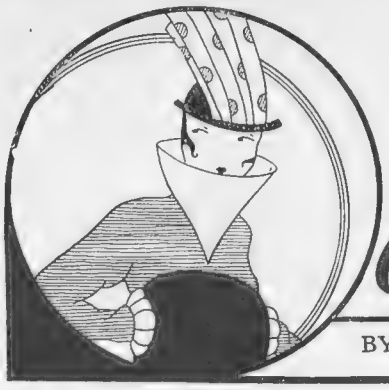


Shall We Germanise?

BY "EFEMERA" *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

A CONSIDERABLE number of people seem to be increasingly obsessed by the excellence of things German. They say: "We hate the Germans, we loathe everything their Kultur stands for, we must beat them thoroughly, once and for all, but how much better and more quickly we should succeed if we used their methods!" These are the people who clamour for reprisals, who urge the application of iron-bound German discipline to English life, public and private.

❀ ❀

I DARESAY they are quite sincere, but the logic of their plea is, to say the least, faulty. Why, after all, are we fighting Germany if not in defence of our ideals of individual and social freedom? If we should be forced or tempted into adopting Teutonic ideals, Germany would have won the war, no matter how many and how great victories should stand to our credit. Also, it is poor policy to take a leaf from the devil's book when you meet him in conflict: to begin with, he can play that game better than you, for it is his own, and, besides, such tactics are obviously a confession of the inadequacy of your own cause and the arms it provides.

❀ ❀

THE greatest triumph Germany could claim would be the Germanisation of England, and it is no imaginary danger. We shall have a hard fight after the war to preserve ourselves from the Germanising tendency. If certain propagandists have their way we shall see our English life beplastered with restrictions and *verbotens* in true German style, our system of education, our minds and habits laced into the German strait-jacket. Nothing would be more alien to our national character, or more harmful.

❀ ❀

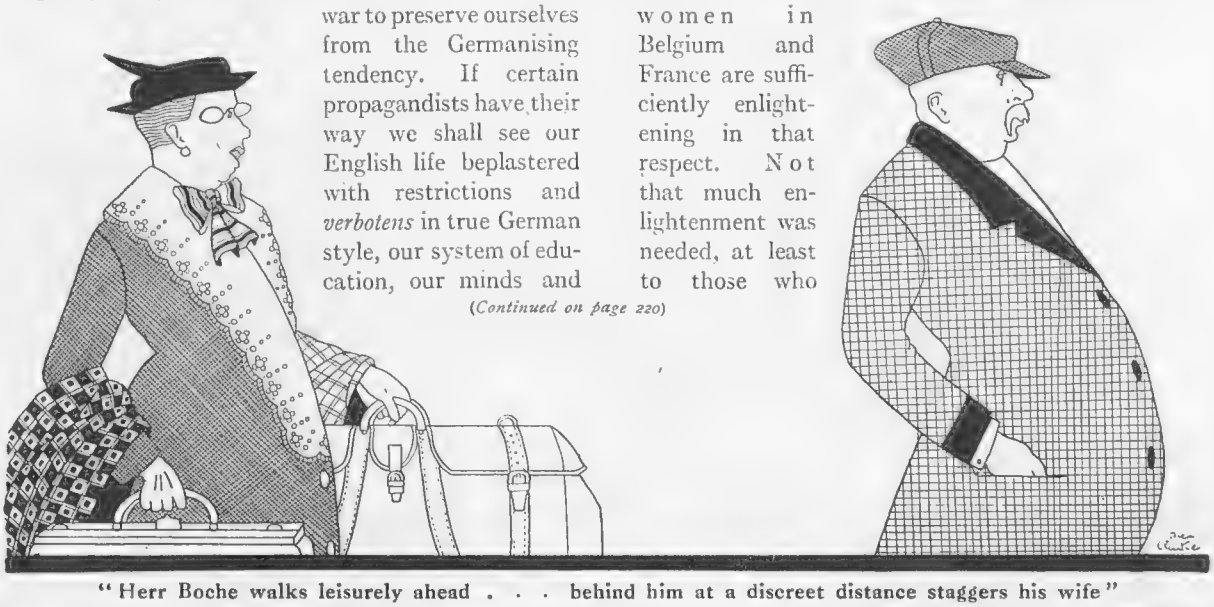
THIS question is one that should seriously engage the attention of women, for women as a class stand to lose more than anyone else. Just consider it for a moment. In what country of Europe does the position of women leave more to be desired than in Germany? In nearly every country women labour under some kind of disability, but in all of them, except Germany, there are compensations of a sort. In no other country that I know of, beside Germany, do women suffer at the same time from lack of real importance and from an entire absence of chivalry. One may sneer at chivalry, but certainly male consideration and politeness do make life infinitely more agreeable to the average woman than it would otherwise be. Chivalry may be a poor substitute for recognition of equal rights, social as well as economic and political, but in the absence of both a woman's existence can only be called a dog's life.

"Male consideration and politeness do make life more agreeable to the average woman than it would otherwise be"

❀ ❀

ANYONE familiar with the Boche knows his opinion of women. If you speak to him of any kind of equality between men and women he will laugh in your face. As for chivalry—his behaviour towards women in Belgium and France are sufficiently enlightening in that respect. Not that much enlightenment was needed, at least to those who

(*Continued on page 220*)



"Herr Boche walks leisurely ahead . . . behind him at a discreet distance staggers his wife"

SHALL WE GERMANISE? (*concluded from page* 219)

before the war had the advantage of seeing him at home.

⁂ ⁂

THE ordinary German, from the Kaiser down, looks on woman as a sort of cook-general-cum-nursemaid. The model woman in his eyes is neither more nor less than a *bonne à tout faire*. He expects his women-relatives to wait on him hand and foot, from cooking his favourite dishes to blacking his boots. His by divine right is the comfortable armchair, the first helping at meals (in the home circle), the position, in fact, of lord and master. He can, I believe, divorce his wife for disobedience—for refusing, for instance, to get up in the night to make him coffee, supposing he should fancy refreshment. The German woman exists as a cushion. Her own pleasure or comfort does not count. Anything is good enough for her.

⁂ ⁂

WHEN the Boche travels you see the full beauty of the arrangement. Picture the station platform. Herr Boche walks leisurely ahead, his hands in his pockets, behind him at a discreet distance staggers his wife, dragging a couple of portmanteaus and a rug. If there is only one corner seat left in the compartment it is Herr Boche who gets it, not his Frau. She sits where she can, and tries to look as though she likes it. Not once, but often, in German towns I have seen insolent young officers in uniform shouldering ladies into the gutter. Not much chivalry there. And any German officer considers it his right to stare a lady out of countenance if she be alone or accompanied by a civilian husband. Should the husband object and trouble arise, it is not the officer who pays the penalty.

⁂ ⁂

IN his love-making, as in his eating, the German is gross and unmannerly. He is out for his own pleasure; the annoyance or discomfort of others present are immaterial. In fact, the thought that anyone might be annoyed or shocked never enters his head. The sense of decency is foreign to his nature. He parades his appetites and his vices with no alleviating touch of wit or refinement. And the German woman is so cowed, that she is grateful for such crumbs of attention (which women of other nations would probably consider as insults) as are thrown to her.

⁂ ⁂

STRAWS show which way the wind blows. In what other country but Germany would men seek to determine the width of women's skirts, or meet in solemn political conclave to choose what shape of hats or fashion in dress women should wear? Of course, no other women in the world would stand it.

⁂ ⁂

THE effect of the rule of the Fatherland has been to kill the spirit of German women, to make of them a race of humble slaves and drudges. And quite naturally the poor position of women has reacted on the men—what else could be expected? No, a nation which has no respect for women is not one whose methods we should adopt. British women, please take warning: no Germanisation of this country.

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Racing: The Guineas

By "CARBINE"

Mr. Hulton's Luck

MR. EDWARD HULTON, one of the great newspaper magnates of the day, is generally considered one of the lucky men of the Turf. But he has not yet had the supreme satisfaction of winning a classic race. This year, however, Mr. Hulton should certainly carry off one or more of the coveted stakes, and it is even possible he will bring off the big double event at Newmarket during the present week.

The Two Thousand

In the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday Mr. Hulton's colours will be carried by Atheling. A great fine strapping colt, he is likely to make a big mark before the close of the season, but his size rather handicaps his trainer in getting him fit so early in the year. I shall not be surprised, therefore, if Atheling shows himself to be a little backward this week. Probably one of the fittest horses in the field will be Figaro, who has been putting in plenty of good work at Newmarket lately. On last season's form he possesses a first-rate chance. Lord Falmouth's Clarissimus is another who has to be regarded with respect. His two-year-old performances did not amount to a great deal, but he is believed to have made appreciable improvement. The success of Roi d'Écosse in the colours of Major Dermot McCalmont, who is serving on General Smuts's staff in East Africa, would be popular enough, and it is in this colt's favour that he recently had a race, and is thoroughly fit. Mr. and Mrs. Joel will run King's Joker and Sirian respectively, and a likely outsider is Nassovian. I think, however, that **Figaro** will prove the winner, and ATHELING is probably the best to take as a second string.

The Brilliant Fifinella

I am not so confident regarding the probable Two Thousand result as I am of the One Thousand on Friday. The fillies' race seems to me to be really good for Fifinella, who, so far as we can judge at present, is the best racer of her age in training. This bonny mare will have some more than useful fillies to tackle. Canyon, for example, is an exceptionally good stayer, while hopes have been entertained that the handsome Pomerania, who has not yet been seen in public, may emulate the performances of her famous brother, Pommern. In past years we have seen some big surprises in the One Thousand, and it will be a notable addition to the list if **Fifinella** is beaten. Personally, I expect her to secure this race, and also the New Derby if Mr. Hulton runs her in it in preference to Atheling. In spite of all the formidable war-time difficulties, racing still shows great vitality, and this week's meeting at headquarters looks like achieving its customary success.

The Adventures of a Waterman's Ideal

Told by its Owner on his Return from the Front.

IT is possible that you may like to know the adventures of my Ideal. It became my friend some six years ago, and I am now using it to write this letter.

Just before I was sent to Flanders, my batman brought me some ink pellets—the brand is unknown to me, as the manufacturer neglected to put his name on the case containing them—I used these to feed my Ideal, but it is the curious mixture of drinks it took with its meals that appears to be interesting.

Of course in England ink was forthcoming, but the absence of this was apparently easily replaced by dropping a pellet in wine, beer, rain water, Perrier water, or even trench water. These various liquids of various degrees in stickiness were used in turn and apparently appreciated, for no diminution in quality of service was apparent. Only on one occasion did it object; it was cross when a nurse dropped it on its point while I was in hospital in France. Its last refreshment before becoming a well-conducted pen and taking to ink again was the water from a vase of flowers in an English hospital.

I used it for all my writing, and even for censoring letters, and the Ideal is now going as well as ever. You will agree it has suffered great indignities, but it will still carry on.

P. G. MANDER

To the Ideal!
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream,
My great example, as it is my theme.
(Denham.)

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Motoring in Hope

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Indispensables

THE seasonable motoring paragraph just now is entitled "How to lay-up a car." It is just an expression of the sense of unhappiness which is common to many motoring minds. "After the end of June," they say, "there's no more motoring for us." They have decided either that they will not pay, or that they cannot afford to pay. And a number mean it. A number will certainly disappear from the road—always assuming the Chancellor's Budget proposals go through unamended. But it will be surprising how many will not lay up their cars for all their present protestations. Somehow or the other they will manage to meet the cost. They will have to do so, largely because they cannot rub along without cars. Very few even of those who use cars for so-called pleasure purposes can appreciate how inextricably intermixed are the pleasure, business, and social purposes served by a car. It has grown into their life almost imperceptibly. They will only discover its indispensability when, absolutely, they cut it off. They will find then, not that it does not pay to run a car, but that it does not pay not to—even when it is overloaded by indefensible taxation.

***

Natural Gloom

AND if it is so in the case of the man who regards himself as a pleasure motorist, how much more will it be so in the case of the man who knows that his car runs half or more of its life on business. It is natural, perhaps, to take gloomy views under conditions such as these which have been made by a Chancellor's threat. Every time a tax has gone on or the price of fuel gone up, we have had the same expression of hopelessness and prophecy of the death of motoring. But motoring did not die, and motoring will not die, just because motoring cannot die. Might just as well talk of taxing bread and boots out of existence. It just cannot be done. Besides, the taxes are not on yet, and it looks quite hopefully likely that they will not go on without alteration for the better.

***

On Laying-Up

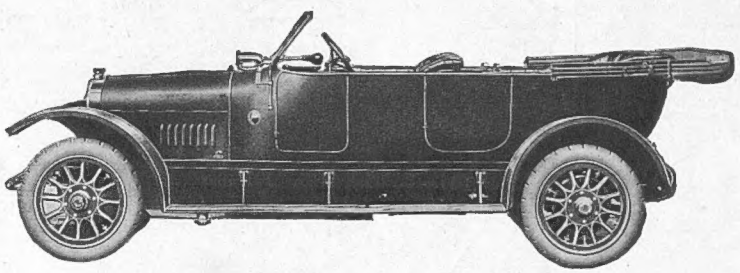
HOWEVER, in case anyone really wants to know how to lay-up a car for the duration of the war, here's the way. See to the adequate ventilation of the garage. A stuffy place encourages deterioration. Run off the cooling water and refill every now and then. Oil up everywhere. Grease the plated parts. Go over the leather with a preservative. Ditto the outside of the body after cleaning it nicely. Put up the hood. Deflate the tyres to half pressure, and mount the car on a four-wheel jack. There's not much else you can do except to touch up in spots where the spots threaten to occur and, in frosty weather, unless the garage is warmed, to empty the radiator.

***

Some Figures

ACCORDING to the *Horseless Age*, which has compiled an automobile census of the world, there are 3,108,469 cars running around the roads. Of these, the contribution of the United States amounts to 2,400,000 (loud cries of "question"), while the rest of the world shares the other 708,469. Deduct the figures for the United Kingdom (276,690 cars), Canada's 55,660, Australia's 20,350, New Zealand's 10,060, British South Africa's 8,340, India's 7,735, and there are no more than 329,634 cars to divide up between the other sixty-four countries included in the census. France stands for 98,400, Germany for 71,455, Italy for 13,000, Spain 9,000, Austria 13,160, Russia 15,360, Denmark 8,525, Dutch East Indies 7,413 (beating Holland itself by two to one, which seems queer), Argentina 12,550, Algeria 5,900, Belgium (presumably a pre-war figure) 9,400, Brazil 5,400, Hungary 6,200, and Sweden 5,100 (which compares curiously with Norway's paltry 975). None of the others touch the 5,000 mark. Mexico getting nearest with 4,290. Of the very little fellows,

(Continued on page 226)



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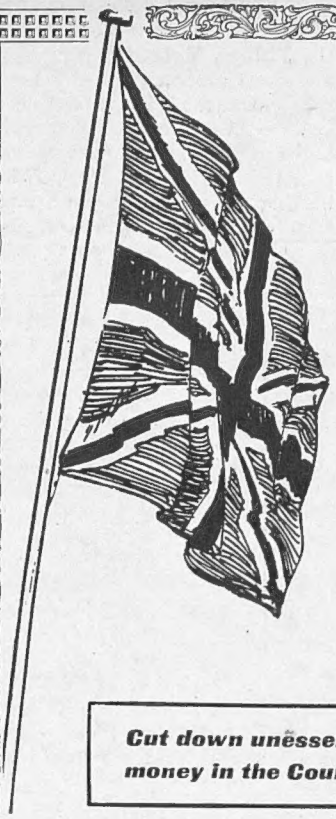

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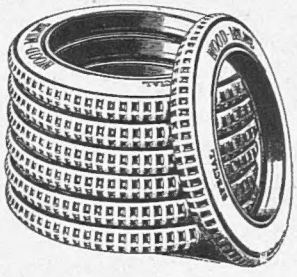

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216, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

"Most Miles per Shilling."

Agents everywhere.

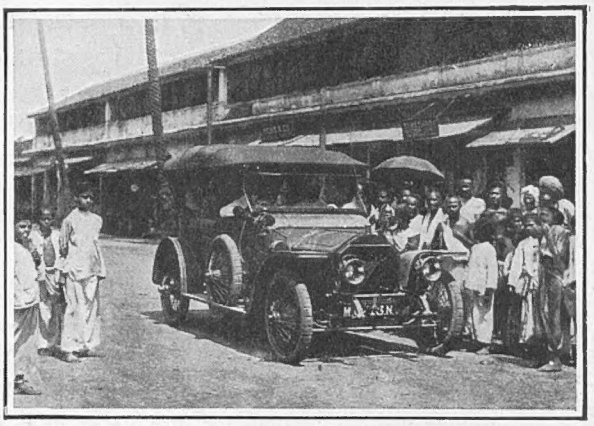
MOTORING (concluded from page 224)

Iceland has 11, Persia 27, Samoa 10, Honduras 9, and British North Borneo 5.

* * *

A Great Industry

I HAVEN'T the least idea how the figures are made up, and should start by disallowing quite 33 per cent. of the U.S.A. total; but as figures they are distinctly pregnant and illuminating, and fully equal to conveying a working idea of the magnitude of an industry that has made 90 per cent. of its growth in the lifetime of the youngest of the Derby groupers. It means a multiplication of £100 (to make a gross under-estimate of average values) by three million to get a notion of the present value of the existing product of this baby industry and to sense its potentialities. Clearly here is something to foster, encourage, treat kindly, or as kindly as possible, not primarily because motor vehicles satisfy luxurious longings, but because they represent an industry of very large importance to us, and an industry which we shall be exceeding sorry if we neglect. After that it means a product indispensable to the commerce of this country. After that a factor in health, a recreation of social advantage, and the medium of education that travel always is. Indeed, it is only at long last, and then in a measure of comparative insignificance, that the motor vehicle becomes an instrument of sheer luxury. Of very few commodities can so much of real social benefit be said.



COMMON OBJECTS OF MADRAS

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C. A. V. Lamp Bulbs. British throughout. Strong—Efficient—Reliable. Best for all car lighting purposes. Motorists should write for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W.

On Things That Matter

THE Vauxhall Company have disclosed the identity of the car that achieved the great feat of travelling between Melbourne and Sydney (570 miles) at an average of 33·60 m.p.h., beating the previous record, made by an American car, by no less than 2 hours 7 minutes, as well as the express train time between the two cities, which was bettered by 10 minutes. The car was a 16-20 h.p. Vauxhall, driven by Mr. Boyd Edkins; and the performance, under the conditions, was nothing short of "great." Heartiest congratulations.—The Sunbeam Motor Company has declared an interim dividend of 5 per cent, free of income tax for the half year.—Among the wreckage recently salvaged by a British warship from the *Emden*, the German raider that finished its run in the Cocos, was a Dunlop tyre, one of a consignment sent to the Madras depôt of the Dunlop Rubber Company.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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